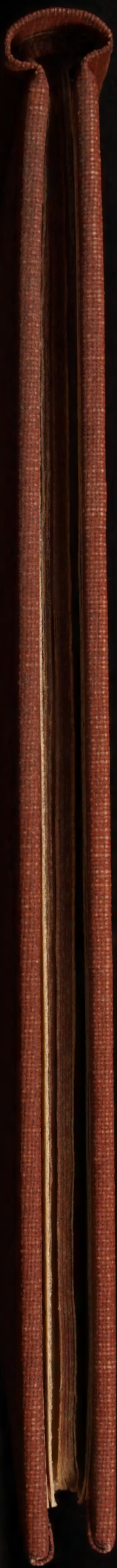




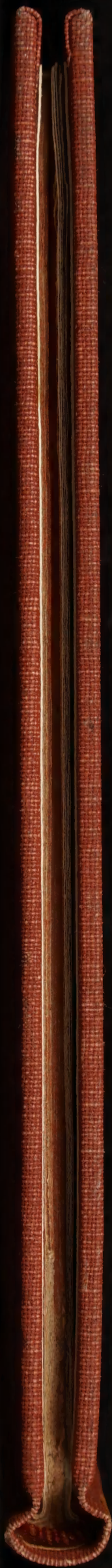


HOPKINS - PYRRHUS - LONDON, 1695









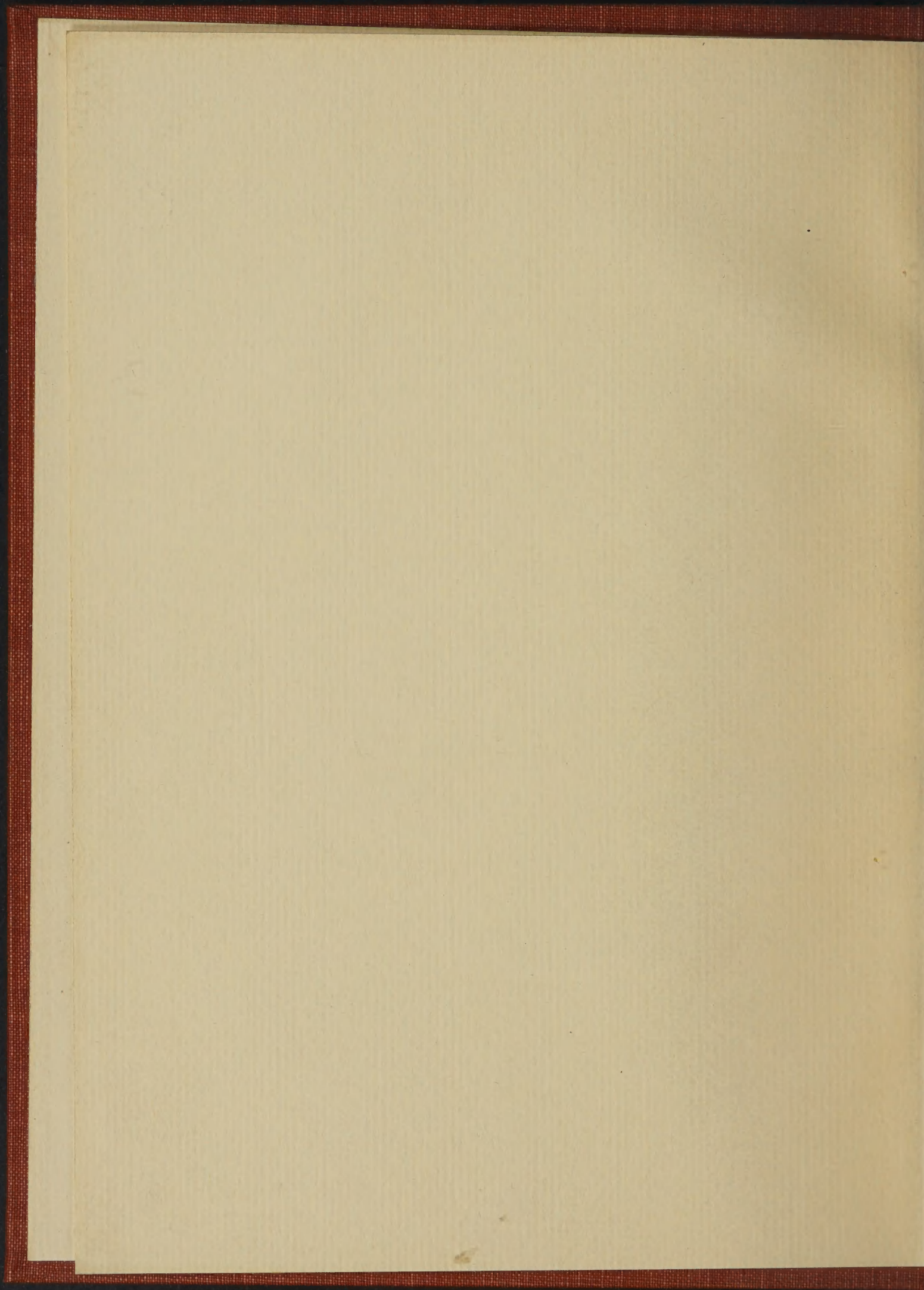


8220  
H 793 p  
1695  
RB 9-10











PYRRHUS

King of Epirus.

A  
TRAGEDY,

ACTED

At the NEW THEATRE, in  
*Little Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,*

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

---

Written by Mr. <sup>b.</sup> HOPKINS. ✓

---

*Solum primos da versibus annos.*

---

LONDON,

Printed for Samuel Briscoe, in Covent-Garden; Peter Buck,  
at the Sign of the Temple, and Daniel Dring, at the  
Harrow and Crown, in Fleet-street, 1695.



THE YR RYALTY

King of Bohemia

TRAGEDY

114253

At the NEW THEATRE

St. James's Palace

By the M<sup>rs</sup> J. J. J.

Written by Mr. HOPKINS

Solano printed in London

LONDON

Printed for Samuel Bicker in London

at the Sign of the Lion and Unicorn



---

---

TO HIS  
ILLUSTRIOUS HIGHNESS  
THE  
Duke of *GLOUCESTER*.

*May it please Your HIGHNESS,*

**T**HE *HERO* of this *Tragedy*,  
was one of the most Famous  
that ever any Age produc'd ;  
and his Story is humbly Dedicated to  
a Young *PRINCE*, who, so very  
early, promises Things as Great. All  
Noble Actions have been done, in imi-  
tation of Others that preceeded Them ;  
and often They that imitate, have out-  
done their Originals. Wonderful  
Things may be expected from Your  
Highness's Manhood, who in so Green  
an Age, has promis'd so much. The  
Eyes of *EUROPE* are on *YOU* ;

*Epistle Dedicatory.*

the Hopes of Three Kingdoms live  
in Y O U : And,

That Y O U may live to Out-do  
even All Men's Expectations ; live  
to be as Great as the H E R O was,  
for whom I have presum'd to beg  
Your Highness's Patronage ; or, to  
go yet beyond Him ; That Y O U  
may live to be as Great as Your  
Royal U N C L E, Shall ever be the  
Prayer of

*Your H I G H N E S S's*

*Most Devoted,*

*Most Humble Servant,*

**C. H.**



# PROLOGUE.

By Mr. CONG R E V E.

**O**UR Age has much improv'd the Warriour's Art; }  
For Fighting, now, is thought the weakest Part; }  
And a good Head, more useful than a Heart.  
This Way of War, does our Example yield;  
That Stage will win, which longest keeps the Field.  
We mean not Battel, when we bid Defiance;  
But starving one another to Compliance.  
Our Troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,  
And those which first are Hungry, are subdu'd.  
And there, in truth, depends the Great Decision:  
They Conquer, who cut off the Foe's Provision.  
Let Fools, with Knocks and Bruises, keep a pother;  
Our War and Trade is to out-Wit each other.  
But, hold: Will not the Politicians tell us,  
That both our Conduct, and our Foresight, fail us,  
To raise Recruits, and draw new Forces down,  
Thus in the dead Vacation of the Town?  
To muster up our Rhimes, without our Reason,  
And forrage for an Audience out of Season?  
Our Author's Fears must this false Step excuse;  
'Tis the First Flight of a just-feather'd Muse:  
Th' Occasion ta'en, when Criticks are away;  
Half Wits and Beaux, those rav'nous Birds of Prey.  
But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their Wrath,  
Mauling in mild Lampoon th' intriguing Bath.  
Thus does our Author his First Flight commence;  
Thus, against Friends at first, with Foils we fence:  
Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able  
(Ere he'd wet Foot) to swim upon a Table.  
Then spare the Youth; or if you'll damn the PLAT,  
Let him but first have His; then take Your Day.

D R A M

## Drammatis Persona.

<i>Pyrrhus,</i>	King of <i>Epirus</i> .
<i>Helenus,</i>	Son to <i>Pyrrhus</i> .
<i>Dion,</i>	His General.
<i>Antigonus,</i>	King of <i>Macedon</i> .
<i>Demetrius,</i>	Son to <i>Antigonus</i> .
<i>Aristeon,</i>	Son to the late Ty- rant of <i>Argos</i> .
<i>Æmilius,</i>	A Roman.
<i>Martius,</i>	Another Roman.

## W O M E N.

<i>Lanassa,</i>	Queen of <i>Epire</i> .
<i>Antigone,</i>	Daughter to the King of <i>Macedon</i> .
<i>Ptolemy,</i>	The dead Son of <i>Pyrrhus</i> .
Ghost of <i>Alexander</i> the Great:	

PYRRHUS



---

---

P Y R R H U S  
King of EPIRUS.

---

A C T I. S C E N E I.

---

S C E N E, *The City of Argos besieged by King Pyrrhus;  
the Camp of the Epirotes on the one side, and that of the  
Macedonians, who came to the Relief of it, on the other.*

Pyrrhus Solus. *The Time Night.* [Thunder and Lightning.

Pyrrh. **I**F Heaven is wont to mourn the Death of Princes,  
And Gods above are sensible of Grief  
For their Vicegerents here: If Nature sickens,  
And looks with sad Concern, when impious Fate  
Strikes at her Darling Sons; if Groans of Ghosts,  
That leave their empty Tombs to stalk on Earth,  
And scream in open Air, are justly call'd  
The Voice of Fate, that of the King of *Macedon*,  
Or mine, is near at hand; for all the Prodigies,  
And all the Horrors, that fore-run the Funerals

B

of

Of dying Heroes have been seen to Night.

Approach my General, why so slow a March? [Dion entring.

Why dwells that mournful Cloud upon your Brows?

Why look you more oppress'd with Grief than Years,

As all the Anger, and the Frowns of Heaven,

And the loud Tumult of a troubled Sky,

Could bend a Heart made firm with Age, like yours?

Dion. No, Royal Sir, not these outrageous Tempests,

Not massy Bolts reach'd by the brawny Cyclops,

Hot from the flaming Forge, and driven by Jove

Through the scorch'd Skies, can shock your Souldier's Soul:

But oh! imagine Prince what most would move you,

Drive you to Rage, make you fall out with Fate,

And rail at Heav'n.

Pyrrh. Could any thing do this,

It were the loss of Battle, a shameful Overthrow

From an inglorious Enemy.

Dion. You've lost more.

Much more than this.

Pyrrh. There is but one that can be;

And if my Queen be safe, not slain, nor seized

By those that forc'd Her from Her Throne in Epirus,

I dare the utmost Malice of my Destiny.

Dion. She's safe, and coming on apace to seek you:

Our outmost Scouts descry'd her glitt'ring Chariot,

Drawn by white Steeds, that ran as swift as Wind;

And long before that rising Sun appear

With his full Orb of Light above yon Hill,

You'll see her in your Tent.

Pyrrh. Then be it as it will.

Thou might'st have told at first, and not have fear'd:

It would not overwhelm me.

Dion. To him that loves, the loss of his Belov'd

Is Misery enough; and to the Warriour,

Who seeks in bloody Fields for Fame and Glory,

An Overthrow is yet a greater Ill:

But for a Father to lose a Princely Son;

And such a Son as Ptolemy, so like his Father,

Outweighs all other Ills.

Pyrrh. Alas, I thought not

That Fate would wound me there.

Dion. Would it had struck at any other Life,



## Pyrrhus King of Epirus.

3

Any but yours ; my Breath I had resign'd  
With Joy, and laid my Bosom naked for a Javelin.  
Now all the Soldiers hang their drooping Heads,  
Which late they bore aloft ; they break their Launces,  
And cry, No more to War, the Prince is gone  
That taught us how to conquer ; no more to Battles,  
Since He who won them for us is no more.

*Pyrrh.* If they grieve thus, sure he was well belov'd,  
And died as did become him.

*Dion.* He fell so brave,  
No History can produce the like Example,  
And no Tongue dare to say I'll shew his Equal.

*Pyrrh.* Stop not : Say on, my Soldier.

*Dion.* Sir, I dare not :  
His Praises but renew the sad Remembrance,  
And I would spare your Sorrow.

*Pyrrh.* No, go on,  
I bear it as I should do.

*Dion.* When joyful *Sparta* saw your Tents took up.  
And all your Camp remov'd, she gave a Shout  
That eccho'd to the Skies ; fierce *Ptolomy* rag'd  
To hear their Boasts, and loyt'ring with some Troops  
Far separate from the Body of your Army,  
The Force of *Lacedamon* fallied on him,  
And yet he scorn'd to shun the unequal Combat.  
'Twas then that he employ'd his utmost Strength,  
Performing more than Man, none scap'd unhurt,  
From his strong Arm : His single Sword slew more,  
Than those of all the Combatants besides.  
What could he do, by Multitudes oppress'd ?  
At length he fell, high on a heap of *Spartans*,  
Whom himself kill'd, and smil'd, and look'd in Death,  
As who should say I conquered.

*Pyrrh.* One thing more,  
And then eternal Peace be with Him. Tell me,  
Who got his Body ?

*Dion.* His Soldiers all fought round it.  
When word was brought me of the fierce Engagement,  
I gather'd all the Forces next at hand,  
and flew to rescue him ; but all too late,  
I only could revenge him, which I did ;  
For thousand *Spartan* Ghosts took flight that day

To wait on his.

*Pyrrh.* Why yet 'tis well.

He was a Souldier, and he died as such,  
As such he shall be buried. See him brought hither,  
That we may pay him all the Rites he merits  
From a just King, and an indulgent Father:  
And since Revenge and Rage inflame my Breast,  
I vow to all the Earth, by all the Gods,  
By all the Furies that are kindled in me,  
To Night to lay him in his Tomb in *Argos*.

*Dion goes out, and returns with Soldiers bearing in the Prince.*

*Dion.* See here, my Lord, behold your hopes lie blasted,  
Your Darling gone, first of thy Royal Off-spring,  
And most resembling thee. Whom have we now,  
When all thy youthful Vigour shall be spent,  
Thy Arms grown tir'd with wielding of the Sword?  
When old Age shall encroach, and seize thy Limbs,  
Compelling thee to sit at home in quiet?  
Who then shall lead thy Armies to the Battel,  
And conquer in thy Cause? Who then shall fight  
As thou hast done without the loss of Glory,  
That the deluded Foe shall find no difference  
'Twixt him and Thee? Who then shall bring fresh Laurels  
To crown the aged Temples of their King?

*Pyrrh.* Cease, good old Man, cease this unmanly Grief,  
Lest I mourn too; I, who would brave the Fates,  
And rise beneath the weight of all their Bolts.  
Speak Comfort to me, urge me to Revenge,  
And drive me to the Field: And you, his Soldiers,  
Take up your Prince, and bear him to his Tent,  
Attend his mournful Hearse with weeping Eyes,  
Till the loud Trumpets send their Notes to Heaven,  
Till the Drums beat to Battel, and the big Voice  
Of Vengeance calls you forth; then rush to Arms.  
Learn to forget your Grievs in heat of Combat:

Remember not you saw your Leader dead;  
But fight as if he conquer'd at your Head.

*Dion.* Shall we go arm our selves, my Lord.

*Pyrrh.* We will.

The early Sun climbs o'er the Hills apace,



Pyrrhus King of Epirus.

5

His Beams are darted upward to the Heavens ;  
And the first God that wakes, puts forth his hand  
To draw aside the Curtains of the Skies,  
And let the day light out. How many Thousand  
That rise this dreadful Morn, all gay and healthful,  
Must e'er it yet be Noon lie down again,  
And rest for ever. Call the *Athenian* Min'stel,  
I want some Musick : Let me have that Song  
Sung at the Royal Banquet, made in *Babylon*  
The last great Feast of *Alexander*.

S O N G.

**H**ark ! the big Drums they beat to Battel,  
The Voice of War is loud as Thunder.  
Hark ! How the Clashing Armours rattle,  
And lo ! the Squadrons marching yonder.

Now, now they meet, the Word is given,  
The Shields are lifted, Swords are drawn ;  
The Shouts of Warriours rend the Heaven,  
And every Chief comes raging on.

Hundreds fall, and Thousands yield,  
Blood and Slaughter fill the Plain ;  
And Fate Triumphant through the Field,  
Colossus-like, bestrides the Slain.

The Business of the World dispatches,  
decided thus in some few hours,  
Death quickly ends the vanquish'd Wretches,  
And Laurel crowns the Conquerours.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Dion.* Is the Queen coming ? And so near at hand !  
By *Mars* she's welcome, though the first of the Sex  
That e'er was so to me. My Lord, the Queen  
Is in the Camp, will you not go to meet her ?

*Pyrrh.*



*Pyrrh.* How, my Queen! *Dion*, see, she's here already.

*Enter the Queen.*

Oh! I am the last in Love, as well as Honour.  
Welcome my Love, by thy dear Self, a Welcome,  
Great as the Man that loves like me, can give.  
No Mother, that has mourn'd her long lost Infant,  
Rejoices half so much to find her Darling,  
Or view the lovely Babe with half the Fondness  
I look on thee.

*Queen.* Answer me, Gracious Heaven,  
What God has saved my *Pyrrhus* yet unhurt,  
Even in the Mouth of Slaughter? What kind Deity,  
With a stretch'd Arm, held the broad Shield before him,  
Oppos'd to Destiny, Does he still live?  
And do I live to clasp him?

*Pyrrh.* I live my Love,  
And sure I shall not dye now thou art come,  
My better half of Life.

*Queen.* But yet I fear,  
Lest Heaven at last grown weary of its Favours,  
Should sullenly withdraw its bounteous hands:  
And Fortune that has wound so many Victories  
In one round and constant String,  
Should rashly in a Pett unravel all.

*Pyrrh.* What greater Proof could I desire from Heaven  
Of its continu'd Goodness, than thus to send thee,  
The Omen of my Conquest? Sure ill Fate  
Durst never yet assume a shape so lovely,  
Or put on Looks like thine.

*Queen.* Alas, my Lord,  
Methoughts I met it with a dreadful Aspect.  
Late as I lay entranc'd, I saw you, *Pyrrhus*,  
Far different, far unlike what now you are.  
I thought I saw you stretch'd upon the Earth,  
All pale, and ghastly, and your gaping Wounds  
Still freshly bleeding: All the mangled Bodies  
Of your defeated Army, in heaps beside you.  
No more that awful Warriour, whose Name alone  
Has shook the vast Foundations of the Capitol.  
I saw you, oh my *Pyrrhus*, cold and dead,

That



Pyrrhus King of Epirus.

7

That lovely Face besmear'd with Blood, those Lips  
Fast clos'd for ever, had not power to answer  
To the loud moan I made you; Oh! my Lord,  
How was I daunted at a sight so dismal?  
I almost died to have dreamt it, and unable  
To bear the horrid Vision any longer,  
I burst the Chains of my distracted Sleep.

*Pyrrh.* 'Twas but a Dream caus'd by your tender Fears.

*Queen.* Yet by those Fears,  
And by the Love I bear you (and oh! if Heaven  
Loved half so well, it would be kind and constant)  
My bleeding heart begs of you not to fight,  
But instantly to raise the fatal Siege;  
For something tells me with a dreadful Whisper,  
*Epirus* ne'er shall see her Monarch more.

*Pyrrh.* How art thou alter'd, Love, since first I knew thee!  
Thy Spirit once was Masculine and Brave;  
Thy self wer't wont to help me to my Arms,  
And bid me hasten to the Glorious Field;  
And when I talk'd of War, the Tale would please thee  
As much as that of Love, What now has chang'd thee?

*Queen.* I am not us'd to fear; yet something bodes,  
I know not how, nor what; and I conjure you  
By all I have heard you swear, by all your Sighs,  
By all your Vows, deferr the great decision;  
And if I ever had the Power to move you,  
O let me charm you now, or now or never.

*Pyrrh.* Oh! hold my Love, cease the unkind request,  
I can deny you nothing; yet I beg  
You would not ask me what I must not grant.  
You shou'd consult my Honour more than thus;  
When all my tow'ring Thoughts were fix'd on Glory;  
When all the Languishings of Love were fled,  
And *Mars* alone had fill'd, and swell'd my Breast,  
Thus with thy Tears to cool my heated Soul,  
To turn me back from the bright track of War,  
And melt me down again to Woman's Fondness.

*Queen.* Then let it melt this obstinate heard heart.  
Thus will I fold thee in my longing Arms,  
Embrace thee thus; thus shalt thou listen to me:  
Thus, whilst I hang upon my *Pyrrhus's* neck,  
What loud Alarm of Drums, or what shrill Trumpet?

What



What dreadful roar of War shall charm him from me?

*Pyrrh.* Why dost thou press me thus? Forbear to urge me,  
To drive me on, and force me to deny thee:  
Not fight *Lanassa*! What Request but this  
Could I refuse thee? This I cannot grant.  
Oh what, what would the murmuring Soldiers say,  
Already rang'd, preparing for the Fight,  
They wait my coming: Should I not haste to head them,  
How would they storm to see themselves abandon'd?

*Queen.* Enough, my Lord,  
I have heard enough, and am at last convinc'd  
My Tears are dry'd, and all my Prayers are ended.  
No more will I push back your Coming-Glory,  
Nor strive to crop your growing Wreaths of Lawrel:  
Go then, my *Pyrrhus*, go, and fight, and prosper,  
Lead your impatient Squadrons to the Field,  
Rear all your Standards, let your warlike Ensigns  
Loose all their golden Streamers to the Winds,  
Rush to the War, may Conquest crown your Arms,  
And your triumphant Garlands flourish ever.

*Pyrrh.* It shall be Battel now, and, by yon Heav'n,  
It seems auspicious, that my Love has said it.  
I thank thee for the Conquest; and methinks  
Already I behold *Antigonus* vanquished.  
Oh! Hadst not thou, my better Self, been willing,  
Had you not spoke it, had your Assent been wanting,  
I had not fought with half my usual Bravery;  
But now, Whole *Pyrrhus* pours upon the Foe,  
And fights with Forces not divided now.

*Queen.* Yet grant me this, my Lord, my much lov'd *Pyrrhus*,  
You must not, ought not to deny me this:  
Swear to me by your Honour, by your Arms,  
By all the Oaths a Soldier holds as Sacred;  
Swear somewhat to enliven your fainting Queen,  
That when the dreadful Tug at last begins,  
When the last Trumpets urge you to the Battel,  
And Arms and Heads are lop'd, and shivering Launces,  
Sharp Spears, and all the Darts of Death fly round you,  
When all your drooping Soldiers fall in Heaps;  
And the tall Youths that stood but now erect,  
Lye breathless on the Plain, swear then, my Love  
To guard your own dear Life as much as possible,



Pyrrhus King of Epirus.

9

To seek no Dangers Prudence bids you shun,  
And Glory will permit, and not rush wilful  
Into the Arms of Death. Grant me but this,  
And half my Fears are vanish'd.

*Pyrrh.* No more, I grant you this, but ask no more.  
Retire, my Love, I hear the shouting Soldiers  
Cry for their Chief, and my old General yonder  
Is come to call me hence: I go to reap  
The Noble Harvest of a bloody Field,  
Whose Crop shall all be thine.

*Queen.* Success attend thee,  
And all the mighty Gods of War and Love  
Take part with thee, guide, and direct thy Arms,  
And Heav'n restore thee to me.

*Pyrrh.* One Embrace,  
Such as the Queen of Beauty gave to *Mars*,  
When he march'd forth to the Overthrow of Giants  
In the Phlegrean; and doubt not, Love,  
I go to Conquest as assured as his,  
And will return more glorious to thy Arms,  
And bring new Trophies to thee.

When after drawn in thy triumphant Carr,  
Thy self the beauteous Goddess of the War;  
Whilst Kings shall walk in Fetters by thy side,  
And even the Conqueror's Self before thee bleed;  
Whilst all my Wreaths thy lovely Temples bind,  
And all the Laurel-Crowns I won are thine,  
And all by Crowning thee become divine.  
From ev'ry part shall vanquish'd Princes come;  
Thou shalt pronounce the Royal Captive's Doom,  
Each Vassal shall bow down his suppliant Knee,  
And all the Earth receive their Laws from thee.

[Leads her out, and returns.]

Enter Helenus.

*Hel.* My Lord, the Enemy  
Have all their Forces ready, and their Trumpets  
Have sounded twice to Battel.

*Pyrrh.* Did not ours sound  
As often, in answer to them?

C

Dion



*Dion.* They did :  
 Our Men are all in order too as theirs,  
 We only wait for the third Call from them ;  
 Then sound on our side too, and march to meet them.

*Pyrrh.* We'll give them the third Call our selves, } Trumpets  
 Not stay to take it from them. Sound all the Trumpets, } sound.  
 So loud a Blast, that Heav'n and Earth may hear us.  
 What Order is *Antigonus's* Army in ?

*Hel.* Himself at the Head of his Auxiliaries,  
 The Romans marching foremost.

*Pyrrh.* *Helenus*, you have lost a Princely Brother,  
 His Spirit be infused in thee, his Fires  
 Added to thine, with all thy Force revenge him ;  
 Fight in his Cause, as he has done in thine,  
 And be a *Ptolomy* to me.

*Dion.* Heaven make him like  
 In all things, but his end.

*Pyrrh.* Hark, we are answer'd. [Trumpets sound.  
 Now they begin to march.

*Dion.* By Heav'n, in gallant Order,  
 Rome's Legions, and the *Macedonian Phalanx*  
 Are rang'd in Noble Discipline.

*Hel.* Methinks we move like Clouds beneath the Sky,  
 Driven by the breath of Winds our Fire's conceal'd  
 Until we come so near to meet, and strike,  
 And then the Lightning follows.

*Pyrrh.* My Blood boils high,  
 And all my Sinews stretch themselves for War :  
 Draw all, and follow with your lifted Sword,  
 Strike for the Revenge, let *Ptolemy* be the Word ;  
 Send loud defiance forth from every Breath,  
 And wound as sharply, and as sure as Death.

[Exeunt.]

ACT



A C T II.

*Enter Antigonus, Demetrius, Aristeon, Martius.*

*Antig.* **I**S Pyrrhus then invincible, and does the Fortune  
Of *Alexander* wholly wait on him?  
He marches as securely on to Battels,  
As others do to Triumphs, and he wins them,  
As sure as if he were a God, exalted  
Above the Chance of War.

*Dem.* He is the Darling of it,  
The best-lov'd Son of *Mars*; our *Macedonians*  
That once knew how to conquer, fly from him  
As *Persians* did from them.

*Mart.* My two best Legions  
Are lost entirely, and the rest so shatter'd,  
They are not serviceable. Imperial *Rome*,  
In the wide Progress of her spreading Arms,  
Has never met such stops as now she finds,  
When e'r she encounters *Epirus's* King.

*Antig.* All his Success is wonderful, himself  
Does things prodigious, and beyond belief:  
An Army led by such a King, so daring,  
That goes the foremost on, and fights the first,  
With his own Sword, opening the way to Victory,  
Must needs prevail.

*Arist.* I fought him in the Battel,  
And found him to my Cost; his second Blow  
Struck me to Earth, so weightily, that I fancy'd  
All Heav'n was fall'n upon me.

*Dem.* I saw him then,  
When he rode swiftly through your *Argive* Troops,  
As fatal as the Lightning, and as fast,  
And distributing Deaths like *Jove* himself.

*Antig.* Now we lie here besieg'd, shut up in Walls,  
And have not Forces left to take the Field,  
'Tis doubtful if these Ramparts can withstand him,



Till Succours shall arise.

*Arist.* Argos to him  
Will be as *Oxydrate* to *Alexander* ;  
Yet Victor as he is, we will resist him,  
And put the War on the extremest Proof,  
When he dare try it.

*Dem.* That will be to Night ;  
For I am told he swore to interr his Son  
In the Goddess *Juno's* Temple.

*Mart.* No doubt he'll act  
As boldly as he vows.

*Antig.* 'Tis almost certain  
He will assault us here this very Night.  
The Trumpet that we sent him is return'd ;  
But Truce is only granted till the Night,  
And that speaks something.

*Dem.* The Gates are open'd,  
And the glad *Argives* walk about in Fields,  
Where an hour since it had been Death to tread ;  
Already they begin to taste the breath  
Of the refreshing Peace.

*Mart.* Soldiers on either side,  
That very lately fought with mortal hatred,  
Now join in friendly Meetings.

*Arist.* Yonder I think,  
Two of a nobler Aspect than the rest,  
Seem to come strait to us ; I know their Arms,  
The same the Prince and General wore in Battel.

*Antig.* When you are met, I charge you to be careful  
How you observe the Peace ; let nothing break it.  
No Words intrage you, and no Rage transport you  
To violate our Truce ; but when it ends,  
Appear your selves again, resume your Fury  
Fiercer than ever ; Summon all your Forces  
For one great blow to crown the dreadful Upshot.

Prepare th'extremest Chance of War to try,  
Resolve to conquer, or resolve to die.

[Exit Antigonus.]

Enter Helenus, Dion.

*Dem.* Much sweeter are the looks of gentle Peace  
Than those of horrid War.

Hel.



*Hel.* One of them  
Looks like some Beauty in her best attire,  
With all her richest Ornaments upon her;  
The other like some rough and unhewn Warriour,  
Clad in hard Iron.

*Mart.* Not long since it was dangerous for the best of us  
To meet so near : We now may join our hands,  
And clasp each others warlike Arms unhurt ;  
Which was not so this Morning.

*Dion.* And will not be this Night.

*Arist.* Short as you please, we are ready to receive you.

*Dem.* Till then all Peace, hush'd as the Sea becalm'd ;  
For so should we look now : No angry Frown  
On our smooth Brows, no Fury in our Eyes,  
Nothing of Enemy in us.

*Hel.* By *Mars* I am pleas'd  
That we meet thus.

*Arist.* The Conquerors may be pleas'd,  
And proud on't too, and chiefly such as take it  
A kind of Triumph to them.

*Dion.* We take it not as such,  
Although we are the Conquerors.

*Arist.* When you've won all, you may.

*Hel.* And all is Ours  
To very little.

*Dem.* Less than that little we have,  
Has oftentimes been known to bring back all.

*Arist.* *Argos* is ours, a formidable City,  
The Walls are large, and high, and Men within them  
That dare defend them.

*Hel.* And there are those without  
As daring to assault them.

*Dion.* And you have prov'd,  
They are not to be scorn'd ; this day is witness  
To the great Fall of Thirty thousand Soldiers  
Of *Argos*, *Rome*, and *Macedon*, and they lie yet  
Unburied in these Fields.

*Dem.* Heav'n was against us :  
But the next time Fortune may smile on our side,  
And lop a greater number of your Armies  
Than we lost from ours.

*Arist.*



*Arist. to Helenus.]* And Prince I tell you,  
Whilst I wear this, and whilst these hands can wield it,  
You shall not be a Conqu'rou.

*Hel.* 'Tis a large Promise  
More than a single Sword can e'er perform.  
I saw yours drawn to day with thousand others  
As able as it self; yet through them all  
We found the way to Victory.

*Arist.* Yet there is a Quarrel  
We must decide our selves, when not an Eye  
Is by to see us, nor a hand to hinder,  
There thou shalt not be Victor;

*Hel.* Name it to me,  
And be assured thou shalt be met.

*Arist. Antigone.*

*Hel.* Ha! what of her?

*Arist.* She never shall be yours.

*Hel.* Who shall hinder?

*Arist.* I will.

*Hel.* You cannot, dare not do't.

*Arist.* By Heav'n, I can and dare; nay more I will.  
Think where she is, in *Argos*, in a Place  
Where I have Pow'r, where thou shalt never come;  
And now despair.

*Hel.* Were *Argos* Walls as high  
As huge *Olympus* top, their tow'ring Battlements  
Hid in the Clouds, and reaching up to Heav'n,  
A Love like mine would find a speedy way  
How to surmount them.

*Arist.* I laugh at thee.

*Hel.* Thou dar'est not,  
Not for thy Life: Oh! Love.

*Arist.* You see I do.

*Hel.* But thou shalt end it with thy Love and Life, [*Both Draw.*  
All three destroy'd at once. [*Arist. wounded.*

*Dion.* Ha, Sirs, in time of Truce, is this like brave Men?  
Help to disarm them. Prince is this the Honour  
You do your Father's Name? When he makes Peace,  
Are you the first to break it?

*Hel.* Had he been by,  
Or *Jove* with all his Thunder in his hand,  
I had acted as I did.



*Dem.* Both of the Kings are disobey'd alike  
By both the Princes ; but no more of this,  
Suspend your Fury only till the Night,  
And you may then discharge it all with Honour  
Each on his Foe.

*Dion.* And I promise, Prince of *Argos*,  
*Helenus* shall not then decline the Combat,  
Although he ought not to pursue it now.

*Hel.* By Heav'n I'll seek thee in the mouth of Death,  
On top of all those Ramparts, which thou said'st  
I ne'er shou'd climb, and hurl thee down as *Jove*  
Did Giants from the Skies.

*Arist.* Remember this.

*Hel.* I will, or curse me Gods ; make me the Scorn  
And Sport of every Coward, if I not seek thee,  
And carefully as Fate, that surely finds :  
In War and Love may I be never blest,  
And may she loath me whom I love the best.

[*Exeunt* Demetrius, Aristeon.

*Manent* Helenus, Dion.

*Hel.* 'Tis yet some Comfort that I know my Rival ;  
Which known he dies. I'll after him, and end him :  
Too certainly he loves her, and perhaps  
She may love him ; she may, she is a Woman,  
A Sex that may be false : The impious Thought  
Almost distracts me : I'll go learn the Truth.  
General, farewell.

*Dion.* Ha ! Whither go you, Prince ?  
That is the way to *Argos*.

*Hel.* I go to *Argos*.

*Dion.* What, to a City in an Enemy's hands ?  
Beleagur'd by our Selves, a Hostile Town  
That wou'd be greedy of so rich a Prey,  
And sure to keep you Prisoner. Come, by Heav'n,  
You shall not go.

*Hel.* By Heav'n, you shall not hinder,  
And therefore let me pass.

*Dion.* I barr you thus,  
And will not give you way.

*Hel.* Say not again you will not ;  
For I will have it.

*Dion.*

*Dion.* I were mad my self  
If I gave way to Mad-men.

*Hel.* Old stubborn Man, as impotent as envious,  
Were not thy Vigour gone, thy Veins grown dry,  
And every drop of sprightly Blood exhausted,  
And can't not meet my Arms with equal Forces,  
I would punish thee for this.

*Dion.* Oh! that thou wert not Son to God-like *Pyrrhus*,  
The Man I love of all the World the best,  
And even above it all, and next to Heav'n,  
This aged Arm, and withered as it is,  
Could I make crush the Man that dares to tempt it.

*Hel.* Do you know me?

*Dion.* Aye, better than you do your self,  
And love you more.

*Hel.* You seem not to do either.  
Remember I'm Heir to the *Epiran* Crown:  
Long may my Father wear it; but when he dies,  
If I survive, 'tis mine, and thou esteem'd  
No other than a Traytor.

*Dion.* Thou'rt worse,  
A Traytor to thy Father, and thy King;  
And Ruine to thy self.

*Hel.* Yet let me pass.

*Dion.* Your Actions have enraged me so of late,  
That what you do, does not concern me now.  
Go where you please; for I will to the King,  
And tell him all.

*Hel.* Tell what thy Malice can,  
Perverse old Dotard, past the Years of Manhood.

*Dion.* Thy Father shall know what thou art. I'll tell him  
How you first broke the Truce; how in the Battel,  
When I had singled out the King of *Macedon*,  
And held my Sword advanc'd above his head  
Ready to strike, and put a happy end  
To the Long War,  
You rush'd betwixt, and stopp'd my falling Arm,  
And cry'd out, Spare the King.

*Hel.* In that I did  
Nothing, but what was due to Royal Blood;  
Kings are too sacred, and too dear to Heav'n  
To fall by impious hands.

*Dion.*



*Dion.* You lov'd the Daughter,  
And therefore sav'd the Father. Curs'd Love,  
The bane of gallant Deeds and gallant Men :  
Good Gods ! that any one so form'd for Greatness  
As this most excellent, but unhappy Prince,  
Design'd by Heav'n for all imperial Dignities,  
Cast in the noblest Mold, and stamp'd divine,  
No Fault through all his Frame, the best of Princes,  
And bravest Soldier, should be lost by Love.  
Remember but your Brother *Ptolemy*,  
Your Royal Father wish'd you were like him,  
And oh ! I beg of all the Gods you were.  
Would he do this, would he forsake his Honour,  
And leave a conqu'ring Army for a Woman !  
O think what pains I took to instruct your Youth  
In the great Trade of War, and how I joy'd  
To see the noble Art improv'd in you ;  
Then call the old Man, Dotard, past his Manhood,  
Thank me in Terms like these.

*Hel.* Forgive me, General,  
Shame and Distraction seize me both at once.  
I know not what to say ; alas, I know not  
What I resolv'd to do, you've held a Mirror,  
And shewn me to my self, and I am foul  
As She I love is fair.

*Dion.* Return with me  
Back to our Camp, and all again is well ;  
Where you shall meet in Triumph all the Chiefs  
Shining in Golden Arms, the Prancing Steeds  
Bearing with Pride their Riders on their Backs,  
And neighing to the sound of Warlike Trumpets,  
Whilst all the joyful Soldiers loudly answer  
In Songs of *Io Paan*.

*Hel.* How little shall I share the general Joy,  
That have the Foe within me. Do but view me,  
And think that when a Conqueror grieves as I do,  
Even whilst his Arms are on him, and his Sword  
Still stain'd with Blood, nothing but Love cou'd cause it.

*Dion.* I see it plain you love her too, too well :  
But Glory us'd to be the charming Mistress,  
And most admir'd by Princes ; flight not that  
For any other Idol.

*Hel.* Heav'n can witness,  
That tho' I love her more, far more than Life,  
Yet I love Honour better than them both.

*Dion.* Why did you then go to throw that away,  
Even when you were not certain of the other,  
And rashly run to Dangers which had cost you  
Your Life and all?

*Hel.* O do not press me thus;  
My guilty Soul wou'd lose the black Remembrance,  
But you take care to keep it still alive.

*Dion.* No, it shall die for me; and since I see you  
So sensible of Honour, so nice of that,  
In heighth of Love I will my self instruct you  
To farther your Designs.

*Hel.* Oh tell me how,  
My good General, tell me, and your Prince  
Shall bless those aged lips that gave the Counsel.

*Dion.* See her no more.

*Hel.* Again you dash me  
Down from the top of my aspiring hopes  
Into the lowest Valley of Despair.

*Dion.* Nay, hear me out; not see her till the Night;  
To Night, when your great Father bids us arm,  
And march to mount yon Walls; then you shall go  
The foremost on, to seize your lovely Prize,  
Revenge your Brother, and receive *Antigone*.

*Hel.* Oh! you have fired me; by the Gods, I wish  
The Night already come: Fall down thou Sun  
From Heav'n's high Battlements, to Seas beneath;  
And the kind Heav'n's draw all your darkest Curtains  
Around your shining Orbs, and shut in day;  
For I will do such most amazing Deeds,  
As are not fit for your bright eyes to view.  
Yon *Argos* shall be levell'd in the Dust,  
Flames in her Tow'rs, and Murder in her Streets,  
Death in all Forms, and horrid in them all;  
Only my Love be free, in general Ruine,  
Whom I will bear safe through th'wondring Flames,  
Whilst the scorch'd Dæmons of the Air shall beg  
For such a Champion to relieve themselves.

*Dion.* Prince, I dare trust you farther yet than this;  
I know you truly noble; only swear,

That



That if I let you go to her you love,  
As you may do disguis'd in time of Truce,  
Swear to return when the first Trumpets call,  
And the Alarm is heard ; not lose your Part  
In the great Action, swear by something sacred,  
And you have leave to go.

*Hel.* By all that's sacred,  
By her I love, I swear I will return,  
Though from the clasping Arms of her I love.

*Dion.* Remember only this, and then farewell :  
Behold yon Ramparts higher than the rest ;  
'Tis there your Father storms, be sure be there.

*Hel.* Doubt not I will, only till then adieu.  
I go with none but lambent Fires to love ;  
But will return with burning heat to Battel,  
And all my rising Spirits turn'd for Glory.

Glory and Love usurp my ravish'd Soul,  
They have my heart, and they possess it whole.

[Exit.

*Dion.* I let him go, and yet Heav'n knows how loth ;  
But had I not, his noble Heart had broke.  
He is brave, and worthy of his Royal Birth ;  
And were it not for Love, the most accomplish'd,  
And nearest to a God, of any Mortal,  
Penurious Heav'n, and ye so timorous Deities,  
That dare not suffer this one gallant Youth  
To be completely perfect, lest he draw  
Your Adoration from you ; no, you dare not  
Grant your Assent, that ought of Humane Race  
Shou'd ev'ry ways be happy ; then alas  
He were too like your selves ; What other blemish,  
But that of Love has tainted him ? Woman, Woman,  
Whence comes your Empire over us ? Whence the Power  
That chains us all your Slaves ? Sure we at first  
Were meant the Masters ; but by some strange turn,  
Some most prodigious Whirl of unfix'd Fate,  
The subtil Sex has chang'd the Laws of Heav'n.  
Heav'n, when it made them, meant them to obey,  
Design'd them Slaves, who now have learnt to sway :  
To them the Hero's of the Earth fall down,  
Pleas'd when they smile, but dying if they frown :  
To them we offer up our frequent Prayers ;  
They move above our Heads in higher Spheres,  
And the large Rule of all the World is theirs.

[Exit.

A C T

## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Aristeon with Antigone.*

*Arist.* **W**Hat Pleasure could a tender Soul like yours  
Receive from looking on the dismal Objects  
Those Fields afford?

*Antig.* That wretched one of Pity.

*Arist.* Shou'd I have shar'd your Pity, lovely Princess,  
Had I lain there high on the fatal heap,  
Th'upmost of th'Dead?

*Antig.* No doubt you shou'd :  
I mourn for ev'ry gallant Man that falls,  
Serving his King and Country.

*Arist.* How much more shou'd you mourn me?  
I, who serve none but you ;  
I, who am subject to no King nor Country,  
Whom no Ambition, no Desire of Glory,  
Drives to the Field, no Lust of Sovereign Power,  
But only your Defence has drawn my Sword.  
Oh ! give me now the Pity that I beg,  
Now while I live, to save me from the Death  
You say you'd mourn.

*Antig.* I do not see you need it :  
You have my Father's Thanks, the Army's Praise ;  
That might suffice a Soldier.

*Arist.* Oh ! *Antigone,*  
There is another Name would make me prouder,  
Than Soldier, Chief, or Conqueror.

*Antig.* The last of those  
Might have been spar'd ; for you maintain it ill.

*Arist.* No wonder that the Victory was not ours,  
Since you, nor wish it were, nor pray'd it should be,  
How should our Arms prevail ?

*Antig.* How dare you to tax me  
With that Impiety ? I wish'd the War  
Were at an end ; I wish'd as did become me.

*Arist.*



*Arist.* Oh! Madam, if I durst explain your meaning,  
Which of the Armies was your chief Concern,  
And which you offer'd up your Prayers for most?  
It should be that you wish the King of *Epirus*  
A Conqu'ror here in *Argos*, o'er your Father,  
Rather than that his Son, the lov'd *Helenus*,  
Should fall on *Argive* Swords.

*Antig.* Lest you interpret  
My Thoughts with so much boldness any longer,  
And to confound you more than doubt can do,  
Learn the most secret Wishes of my Soul;  
I pray'd my Father might return in safety  
From all the Dangers of the bloody Field:  
Heav'n heard me; and it sent th'Prince you nam'd,  
When he stood most in need of such an Aid,  
To save him from the then descending Sword.  
My Pray'rs were next for safety of th'Prince,  
Who sav'd my Father: You might had the same  
For the same Action; but your Arms were  
At too great distance to have brought relief.

*Arist.* Curse on my Stars, that give my Rival all,  
All the Occasions to be brave and noble,  
And will allow me none.

*Antig.* Acknowledge rather  
The Stars are equally the Friends of both:  
'Tis only he takes care to seize on all,  
While you with heedless Eyes let all pass by.

*Arist.* Yet this same Prince, whose Cause you plead so well,  
Your Father does esteem his mortal Foe,  
And will pursue his hated Life as such.

*Antig.* Now you've charg'd him with that foul Ingratitude,  
As you did me before, with want of Piety:  
Be judge your self, whether the Prince of *Epirus*,  
Or you are most our Enemy.

*Arist.* This Night will show't.  
My Orders are to guard the Palace-Gates,  
Where you are lodg'd; and be assur'd I'll die  
In your Defence rather than yield you up;  
And will your Prince's Proofs of Love be such?  
When you shall see him breathing bold defiance,  
March his *Epiran* Army to your Doors,  
Slaught'ring your Subjects in your very sight,

And

And scatter Fires about the flaming City,  
Nor spare the gilded Roofs that cover you.

*Ant.* If I must lose my liberty at night  
To be your Prisoner, leave it me till then;  
Yet thus much I may tell before I go,  
I'll make my Duty, and my Love agree,  
As much at variance as they seem to be:  
All I shall pray for in the fatal Strife,  
Shall be my Father's and my Prince's Life:  
To you, immortal Gods, the rest I trust,  
You best know how to act, and will be just.

[Exit.

*Enter Helenus.*

*Hel.* Thus far I have pass'd unknown by all their Guards;  
But Love, that adds more sharpness to the fight  
Has made the Prince of *Argos* find me out.  
I see he knows me, and it is as vain  
As base to fly.

*Arist.* Ha! wou'd you shun me, Prince?  
Think not, that this Disguise can keep you hid  
From piercing Eyes like mine.

*Hel.* I wou'd not have it.  
Next to th' meeting those I came to seek,  
I'm glad to meet with thee: Make no Enquiries;  
For whatsoever was my Errand hither,  
This is my Business now.

[Draws.

*Arist.* So forward, Sir?  
You know not that you are within th' Walls,  
Where at my Call, my Slaves cou'd come, and crush you,  
Without my trouble to unsheath my Sword.

*Hel.* I know it, and that drives me forward yet  
To end with thee, e'er thy base odds arrive,  
And push this Ghost before me down the Shades.

[Fight.

*Arist.* (Wounded) The first, the second time disarm'd:  
Gods: ye are kind, do but take Life and all,  
And then I'll thank you.

*Hel.* They have spar'd you that,  
And I restore you this.

*Arist.* I scorn to take it;  
I scorn to owe my Life, or Arms to thee.

*Hel.* You shall not need, for I first ow'd you mine;

I do



I do but pay the Debt.

*Arist.* Instruct me, Sir,

*Hel.* When you resolv'd to fight me hand to hand,  
And drew not in your Multitudes upon me,  
Then I was made your Debtor.

*Arist.* What! then you thought your self secure from harm  
In single Combat with me, proud Triumpher?

*Hel.* No, but I knew you cou'd securely vanquish,  
By calling in your Guards.

*Arist.* And cou'dst thou think  
So meanly of me, that I wou'd use their aid?

*Hel.* I still expected what thou did'st; and what,  
Had I met thee within my Father's Camp,  
I too had done.

*Arist.* Now I'm lost indeed :  
Whilst I found Rage and Fury like my own,  
I cou'd storm on ; but Kindness melts me down.  
Give me thine hand, and tell me, gen'rous Prince,  
Your noble Carriage forces me to ask you ;  
Say, is it possible we can be Friends?

*Hel.* Not whilst we love, and hardly whilst we live.  
Glory and Love makes us eternal Foes ;  
Which should we strive to meet, like raging Seas,  
Wou'd rush between our Fold, and throw us far asunder.

*Arist.* What shall we do ?

*Hel.* Why? One of us must die  
To make the other happy.

*Arist.* On those Terms then,  
I take my forfeit Sword : We'll meet to Night,  
Resolve to end our difference in our Death ;  
And lest the Darkness shou'd not make distinctions,  
*Antigone* be th' Word, and this th' Place,

*Hel.* That charming Name shall draw me to th' Combat,  
Ev'n from the Rere of all my hindmost Troops ;  
The very mention of it wings me to thee,  
Swift as it flies to me.

*Arist.* You will not fail.

*Hel.* I will not, tho' my Father shou'd deferr  
His purpos'd Storm ; tho' I were sure I mov'd  
To certain Ruine, and a thousand Prodigies  
Foretold my Fall, tho' all th'Skies forewarn'd me,  
Heav'n flam'd above, and the Earth yawn'd beneath,

I'll on to win my Love, or meet my Death.

*Arist.* Stay, generous Prince, I owe a mighty Sum,  
And have a Soul that scorns to be ungrateful:  
Oh! what, what Reparation can I make?

*Hel.* That of your Sword to Night.

*Arist.* That heaps on more,  
And plunges deeper in th'desperate Debt.  
I owe e'en that to you, nor can I turn  
The fatal Point against the Prince that gave it;  
Yet there is a way, but a dear costly way,  
At a large over-rate, to pay back all.  
May I not guess your Business was to Argos  
To see the Princess?

*Hel.* I must confess it was.

*Arist.* Down, swelling heart; Oh! Heav'n, I wou'd do something,  
But that my struggling Soul rebels within me:  
It shall, it shall have vent; Go see the Princess,  
She only waits till she sees me withdrawn,  
To fly into your Arms; but then remember  
Your gallant Usage is repay'd with Int'rest.  
And we may fight again with boundless hatred.  
I grudge the Ransome, that I give for Life;  
But go, e'er I repent, and beg to die.

Go now, the great, unwilling Grant is past;  
And, oh! believe I let you look your last.

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Helenus with Antigone.*

*Hel.* Oh! my *Antigone*, after six Year's Absence;  
A tedious Age in the Records of Time,  
But vastly longer in Accounts of Love.  
What shall I say, to tell thee that my Soul  
Is full with Joy, how shall I pour it forth  
In Thanks to Heav'n, that in one happy Moment  
Has recompenc'd an Age of Torments past?  
To see thee still the same, no Beauty faded:  
To see this matchless Truth, to see thee mine,  
Is all the Gods cou'd grant, or I cou'd ask.

*Antig.* Nor are my Joys and Transports less than yours.  
I give an equal share of Thanks to Heav'n,  
And equal Love to thee; but oh! my Lord,  
I can't see you in an Enemy's Town,  
(Such I must think them, who are so to you)  
Without a great alloy of Grief and Fear.

*Hel.*



*Hel.* The Gods have yet preserv'd us from our Youth;  
Should we mistrust them now, by that we break  
The League our selves, and fall out first with Heaven.  
No, Love; the Powers above are Just and Kind,  
And when they mould, such heavenly forms as yours,  
They grow our Rivals in their Beauteous work,  
And place the Carefull'st Genius for your guard.

*Ant.* I fear not for my self, for you I fear,  
Expos'd to all the horrid rage of War,  
In Bloody Fields, the Shaft that reaches you,  
Brings Death to both, for it would wound me too.

*Hel.* Vanish such Thoughts, and let the little time  
That Heav'n allows, be wholly spent in Love:  
Speak then, but speak the tend'rest things you can,  
Such as did first express our Infant Passions,  
When I Return'd from our last Wars in *Macedon*,  
Laden with Spoils, and you my Richest Prize,  
Were made my Prisoner, in my Father's Court.

*Ant.* Oh! would this War, had such an End as that,  
And I again your Captive.

*Hel.* You had the Name,  
And oh! the Name of Captive was too much,  
Too much for you to bear, but still, my Love,  
'Twas I that drag'd the Chains, and drag them still.

*Ant.* That happy time first Joyn'd our youthful hearts,  
And oh! may none divide them.

*Hel.* No time, *Antigone*,  
No date of Years shall make our Flames expire,  
But Every one that lengthens out our lives,  
Shall add unto our loves.

*Ant.* Hear heav'n, and Judge us then, the happy'st Pair  
Your hands have made; and oh! if I prove false,  
False to the Prince to whom I give my Soul,  
And Life, and Love; may that detested Name  
I scorn to mention, brand me whil'st I live.

*Hel.* Oh! hear me too, and let our Vows ascend  
Together to your Skies, and some good God  
Enroll them there, if ever I forget thee,  
If I neglect to pay that awful Love,  
I only Swear to thee, or ever look  
With the least wishing glance, on other Beauties,  
May Fortune, in my Battles, Change like me;

May Fame fly from me, and I fly from Fame;  
 May all my Laurels wither on my brows,  
 And Cowards snatch them thence.

*Ant.* Methinks, at two such Passions Heav'n should smile,  
 The Jocund Orbs roul on in better Order,  
 The Earth be wrapt in quiet, War should Cease,  
 And Golden Peace be Prosp'rous.

*Hel.* Oh! go on,  
 Speak yet a little more, a little longer,  
 For by the Gods, that listen to our talk,  
 'Tis Heav'n to me to hear you, not the Tongues  
 Of Deities plead so well, my Heart leaps up,  
 And pants at all you utter, each pointed Syllable,  
 From those dear lovely Lips, runs to my Soul,  
 And Circles in my Blood.

*Ant.* Remember, Love,  
 What golden days we at *Epirus* past,  
 When every Rouling day brought new Delights,  
 Sometimes we trod the Mazes of the Woods,  
 And sometimes stretch'd beneath a spreading Shade,  
 We lay, and listen'd to each others talk  
 Sometimes we heard the Huntsman's distant Voice,  
 And in one Chariot both pursu'd the Chace;  
 And sometimes sailing in a gilded Barge,  
 We saw the pleasing Wonders of the deep.  
 Ambitious Waves, that strove to climb the Rocks  
 That bound them in, and roar'd to be repuls'd,  
 And Monsters mounted on the back of Waves,  
 When with full Sails, returning to the Court,  
 You'd point me out, the then descending Sun,  
 Scatt'ring his beams about him, as he sinks,  
 And gilding Heav'n above, and Seas beneath  
 With paint, no mortal Pencil can express,  
 And still our Talk was Love.

*Hel.* Remember too, how I alarm'd your Soul,  
 When I began the harsh discourse of War;  
 The hazards that my Youth has yet escap'd,  
 With all my earliest Combats in the Field,  
 Here was my first appearance in my Arms,  
 Here my first Actions, such my first Command,  
 Here wounded, and dismounted from my Horse,  
 My Father timely rescu'd me from Death,

Then



Then would you Clasp me in your fearful Arms,  
And start at every mention of my Danger,  
And beg, with trembling Lips, to end my Story.

*Ant.* Stop, stop it now, for all my fears return,  
At the sad thought of what is yet to come,  
The gath'ring Clouds urge on approaching Night,  
Which falls with baleful influence o'er the Earth,  
It labours with the Birth its Womb contains,  
Which soon must be disclos'd: methinks I see it,  
Soldiers, and Chiefs, all mingled in the War,  
A Thousand Deaths among them, and you, my Prince,  
In the thick press, amidst a Thousand Dangers.  
Gods! Gods! preserve my too, too venturous Love.

*Hel.* 'Tis done, they cannot hear you beg in vain,  
Thou shalt behold me come with Conquest back,  
Crowns in my gift, to place upon thy Head,  
And Kingdoms to dispose of at your Feet.

*Ant.* I take the happy Omen from your self,  
Your sprightly looks, your dauntless mein, and gesture,  
Your Every Action speaks a sure Success,  
Yet, Oh! let me remember Duty still  
In all the hottest fury of the Fight,  
Even then, when merciless Death makes no distinctions,  
My Father, and my Brother, be your Care,  
As you are Heav'ns, and mine.

*Hel.* They die that dare  
Once offer at their lives; should *Pyrrhus* self  
Engage them in the Fight, I'd stop his Sword,  
And seize his thund'ring Arm.

*Ant.* Good Heav'n defend them,  
And chiefly you, for oh! thy Death, my Love.

*Hel.* Again that fear?

*Ant.* Forgive me for 'tis past,  
And yet it makes me weep, to think we're mortal,  
That the Cold hand of Death, at last must come,  
That two, who love as we do, should be forc'd  
Ever to part, the Rent will be like that  
Of Soul and Body.

*Hel.* Fate is yet far off,  
It seems aloof, as on some distant Coast,  
And all the Darts it hurls, are swallow'd up  
In the wide Seas that roul betwixt us,

We may enjoy whole Ages in our Loves  
 Ere it can reach us here, but when at last,  
 Our death, that necessary Ill, will happen,  
 We'll take our flight together.

When thou by pleasant Journeys shalt arrive  
 To those blest Seats, where all the happy live,  
 Whilst all the shining Host of Heaven make room;  
 Wait at their Azure gates, till thou shalt Come.  
 Then shall some God, the Chiefest, most Divine,  
 And most Imperial of the Heavenly Line,  
 Receive thee in his Arms, and lead thee in,  
 Whilst all the Joyful Powers, no longer poor,  
 Smile at their Wealth, proud of their new got Store,  
 And never were so vastly rich before.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

## A C T IV.

---

*Enter Pyrrhus and Dion.*

[*Thunder and Lightning.*]

*Pyrrh.* **T**HE Day is fled, and dismal Night descends,  
 Casting her Sable Arms around the World,  
 And folding all within her deadly Grasp,  
 Ghosts are abroad, the Monuments are emptied,  
 And Heroes, that have slept till now, have left  
 Their quiet Tombs, and once more walk the Earth.

*Dion.* All this is Strange, yet all is as it ought to be.  
 Methinks, when two such Rival Armies meet,  
 As *Macedons*, and ours, the high Concern  
 Of Heav'n should be no less: methinks the Clouds  
 Should melt and rain down Blood, and Gods should mourn  
 In all the Pomp of Grief, their slaughter'd Sons.

*Pyrrh.* And yet, my General, all this rack of Heaven,  
 Those burning Orbs, and the loud Peals of Thunder,  
 Those starting Stars, and yonder falling Meteors,  
 Are Common things to us, the usual huddle  
 Of Jarring Elements: but how, my General,  
 How do the Souldiers bear them?

*Dion.*



*Dion.* They rear themselves from Earth  
Streight as the Spears, and brave as you can wish ;  
All put their Gauntlets on, and grasp their Armour,  
All Eager for the Onset.

*Pyrrh.* There's Life in this.  
Go, and prepare them for the Noble grapple,  
And I will March them on.  
Ye Gods? I pay Just Reverence to your Altars ;  
I bow with awfull Worship to Your shrines,  
And more submission than my slaves show me,  
But when some Infant Power, some puny Deity,  
Some Ape of *Jove*, that's fond of making mischief,  
Asserts your Empire, and your Rule of heav'n,  
And with weak hands tosses your fires about,  
Forgive me, if I cannot stoop to Fear,  
But, spite of Prodigies, pursue the War.

[ *Exit Dion.*

*The Ghost of Alexander the Great Rises before him all in Armour.*

[ *Thunder and Lightning.*

*Ghost.* Well does this Noble Confidence become you,  
And Oh ! it glads the Soul of the dead *Alexander*,  
To see you thus, behold you thus unmov'd,  
Even when the Powers above are at a loss  
Which way to turn themselves.

*Pyrrh.* Ha ! *Alexander*;  
Thou should'st be He, and yet how Chang'd, how alter'd  
From what thou wert alive ? Oh ! for what Cause  
Hast thou forsook the Mansions where thy Spirit  
Had room to extend it self, and rove at large,  
While we walk here, Encomber'd with a Body,  
That holds our Souls from mounting to the Skyes,  
And bars all Converse with our Kindred Gods ?

*Ghost.* My Love and Care for thee, the bravest Prince,  
I Left to share my Conquests on this Earth,  
Has drawn me hither, to impart the News  
Of warm Debates betwixt the Courts above,  
And those beneath, the Realms of *Jove* and Fate,  
To tell thee, tho thou yet draw'st vital Air,  
Canst from thy Tent behold the Marshal'd Squadrons,  
And lead the Warlike *Phalanx* to the Field,  
Must shortly leave all this, and be at last,  
Just such as I am.

*Pyrrh.*

*Pyrrh.* I see you full of fate, your Eyes confess it,  
 Yet I Conjure you to deliver all,  
 For I Dare here the Utmost: Speak, Oh! Speak,  
 Tell me what means this anger of the heav'ns,  
 Why did the Eve descend so dismal dark?  
 Why not one Star, to glimmer through the Skyes?  
 Why falls those Clouds so thick? Why sits the Night  
 So heavy on the brows of bended Mountains?

*Ghost.* I lookt within the Records of the Fates,  
 Where the appointed Lives, and Deaths of Heroes,  
 Are written down by an Unerring hand.  
 I turn'd to yours, and found it full of Glory:  
 Still as I search'd the farther, every Page  
 Still pointed to New Conquests; here was Mark'd  
 Your Victory over *Rome*, and here again  
 Another follow'd, still the Voluminous Leaves  
 Contain'd no mention, but of your Success:  
 Here *Sicily* is subdu'd, here *Greece* is Conquer'd,  
 Here *Argos* Storm'd and Won, but after that.  
 The fatal History ended most abruptly.  
 Here *Pyrrhus* Dies.

*Pyrrh.* What time or date prefix'd?

*Ghost.* No Certain one was Fix'd, as I could learn,  
 But at a Council lately held beneath,  
 Although the grand Result was hid from me,  
 One of the Sisters, that had more of honour,  
 More resolute Fate, and a more settled fury,  
 In the stern looks, than any of the Rest,  
 Was heard to Cry, where Daring *Pyrrhus*'spies  
 A Bull and Wolf, in Combat there he dies.

*Pyrrh.* How shall I shun the Omen! rather say,  
 How Can I meet it? Beasts distinct in Nature.  
 A Bull, and Wolfe, how they should come to fight,  
 That never herd together? perfect Riddles,  
 Which Fate that makes them only can unfold.  
 I'll wait till that explains them.

*Ghost.* Let them unravel their own webb themselves,  
 Which they Spin out into as many tangles  
 As *Gordius* ty'd his Knot. Cut, cut them through,  
 The Sword alone can do it. Dare all that's possible,  
 And may be Heaven may yield, and Fate be aw'd.

*Pyrrh.* Vain is the talk of Destiny and Fate,



Pyrrhus King of Epirus.

31

Since every Gallant man may make his own,  
I'll fall their Envy, if they Doom my fall,  
Heav'n shall receive me, You shall point me out,  
Faint with my Wounds, and spotting as I pass  
The Milky way all Red with streaks of Blood,  
To Demi-gods that stand around, and tell them,  
This was a worthy Successor of *Alexander*,  
Worthy the Son of *Ammon*.

*Ghost*. Oh! Only like my self, I swear I will,  
I'll meet you on the Utmost verge of heav'n,  
Reaching a hand to lift you to the Skies,  
And plant you next my Father and my Self.

*Pyrrh*. Sound all the Trumpets there, to Arms, to Arms,  
Mix your loud Clangors, with those peals from heav'n,  
Beat the big Drum, speak Every Voice of War,  
I long methinks to mingle with the Gods.

*Ghost*. It is now past midnight, and I dare not stay,  
The meagre Troops of Ghosts are all Returning,  
And wait me to conduct their wandring steps;  
Go to the Battel, Doubt not your Success,  
You cannot be o'ercome, who cannot fear:  
If you survive, you Reign a Monarch still,  
And if you fall, it's but to mount a God.

[ *Ghost sinks*. ]

*Pyrrh*. Am I a Coward? sure I do not fear,  
And yet I feel what I ne'er felt before,  
If this be fear, Death, and the worst of Ills,  
Are Easier to be born. Hence from my heart.

Intruder, hence; go choose some other Soul,  
Where you may Tyrannize without controul:  
Of mine you cannot, shall not stand possest,  
Yet you may boast, that once you touch'd my breast.

*Enter Æmylius. Dion.*

*Æmyl*. I Come to ask that Convoy from Your Majesty,  
Which usually is given to attend on such  
As are Employ'd on Embassies.

*Pyrrh*. Welcome most Noble Roman to my Arms,  
More welcom if you'd stay.

*Æmyl*. I dare not, Sir.

*Pyrrh*. I hope you have thought on it better.

*Æmyl*. Sir, I have not.

I never

I never Entertain'd one thought of Falshood.

*Pyrrh.* Then you refuse my Friendship.

*Emyl.* No I beg it,

As I would beg Blessing from the Gods,  
If I could make you first the friend of *Rome*,  
Then you might make me yours ; till then in Vain  
Are all the Royal Offers that you made  
To heap Preferments on me in your Court,  
To give me the Command of all your Armies,  
The Gallantest indeed, I e'er beheld,  
Excepting *Rome's*. I heard you with the Attention  
Due to a King, but did no more than hear ;  
It went not to my Soul ; in vain you sent  
Those Presents of Inestimable Value,  
That yet remain untouch'd. I am but Poor,  
I have no Wealth, and yet I would have none,  
I would not be a Traytor to be Rich,  
Or infamously great. My only treasure  
Lies in my truth ; and if that once were lost,  
What has *Emylus* left, to make him worthy  
To be a Son of *Rome*, or Friend of *Pyrrhus* ?

*Pyrrh.* This matchless faith makes me but prize you more,  
Since your fidelity to *Rome* is such,  
Who acts as if she knew not how to value it  
What would it be to me, who know the worth  
Of Constancy like thine ?

*Emyl.* Suspect me rather  
If once I forfeited my faith to *Rome*,  
When any new Occasion should present,  
I might be false to you. I love you, Sir,  
As I love all brave men, and you of all  
The very bravest ; I have seen you fight,  
Where other Gallant Cheifs have stood at distance,  
As if there Business were to look on you ;  
And they had no employment in the Field.  
I have seen you break the battle of the *Romans*,  
And pierce resistless through those Marshal'd ranks,  
Where never any Enter'd, till your self ;  
Success still hung upon your Conqu'ring Sword,  
And Fate descended with it, where it fell.  
I have envy'd, and admir'd you, both at once,  
And as my Eyes still followed you in Fight,



Fix'd on the Wondrous Actions you perform'd,  
I have often wish'd my self *Epiran* born,  
But oftner you a *Roman*.

Blush not to hear these Praises from a mouth,  
That wou'd not give them if they were not due,  
For Flattery is a thing as base as Treason.

*Dion.* Go on, most noble *Roman*, all is truth,  
And, by the Gods, I thank you that you speak it.  
He would not suffer me to praise him thus.

*Am.* 'Twas there, my Lord, there in the Bloody Field,  
Your Godlike Prowess won an Enemies Soul,  
That Treasures cannot tempt, nor Power betray,  
But open'd to receive the love of Vertue,  
And give it full Possession, I tell you nothing,  
But what I have dared to tell the *Roman* Senate,  
As they have sate assembled in the Capitol.  
I beg you, Royal Sir, to seek no more :  
Be satisfi'd, I have a Just Esteem,  
For such transcendent worth as dwells in you.  
Oh ! seek not to Corrupt a poor old Man :  
My Honesty is all the Wealth I have,  
But that's my own, not subject to the Chance  
That waits on other Fortunes ; that alone  
I can Call Mine ; that lies within my Power.

Should all the Princes of the Earth conspire,  
I may, and will, preserve my Faith intire.

*Pyrrh.* Say, have I many Enemies like you ?

*Am.* If all the World, Dread Sir, were such as I am,  
You would not have an Enemy ; if you mean,  
Whether the numerous Sons of *Rome* are such,  
They are, my Lord, braver by far than me,  
And all I hope as faithful.

*Pyrrh.* Then their Conquest  
Will be an Enterprize beyond my Powers,  
Impossible for humane Arms to Atchieve.

*Am.* Believe me, it will be no bloodless Victory,  
When ever it is obtained.

*Pyrrh.* Though it seems dangerous  
To Arm a foe, so terrible as you,  
Yet I have a Present to bestow upon you,  
Which you may take without a Breach of Faith :  
Receive this Sword, it has been us'd to Conquer,

And I dare Promise, it will hold its Vertue  
In *Roman* hands.

*Am.* I take it on my Knees,  
As given by the dreadful God of War :  
Fear not, its Vertues shall be kept Entire,  
Unless it grows ungrateful to its Lord,  
And turns against the Godlike Prince that gave it,  
Where every Sword must fail.

*Pyrrh.* Prepare a Convoy,  
To wait the good *Amylius* to the Confines.  
See all the great Battalions rang'd in Order,  
To Shout his farewell, as he passes by.  
Once more, my gallant Warriour, to my Soul,  
Where thy Idea deeply is impress'd,  
Farewel with all the Friendship and Esteem,  
That mutually should dwell in Noble Minds,  
Thou wondrous Man, of wondrous Faith, farewell.

*Am.* Yet ere I go, hear me, Illustrious Prince,  
I give my thanks to you, my Prayers to Heaven,  
That you may still be prosperous your royal Carriage;  
Has wrought this Just resentment in my Soul :  
Still may you Triumph, your Success be Ever  
Such as your matchless Worth may justly Claim,  
Distant your end of Life, no end of Fame :  
May you Reign long, for numerous Years to come,  
And your Arms flourish against all but *Rome*. [Exit.

Enter *Lanassa*.

*Lan.* Oh ! my lov'd Lord, *Lanassa* was afraid  
You'd have been hurri'd to the dreadful Battle,  
Without the giving her one last Farewell.  
She heard the Trumpets call you, thought you listn'd  
To them alone, and no soft gentle Whisper  
Of Love could reach your Soul. She saw your Ranks  
Of Souldiers, glittering in their gilded Arms,  
Spite of the horrid Darknes, so she hastned  
Ere yet you march'd them to the Walls of *Argos*,  
Once more to gaze upon you, once more see you,  
Print on your Lips one last dear Kiss at parting,  
And if I then can speak it, bid Farewell.

*Pyrrh.*



*Pyrrh.* Leave but your Fears behind, and then, my Love,  
We may despise whatever Fate can do ;  
And bear our parting brave, as Princes should,  
With all the Greatness of Heroick Minds ;  
Yet tenderly withall.

*Lan.* Alas, my *Pyrrhus*,  
Deny me not the Privilege of my Sex ;  
Women, that always start and shrink at Dangers ;  
Women, whose Courage is not less than Mens,  
Only their Love is more : My Lord, I come not  
To beg you to defer the dreadful Battle ;  
For, though a Thousand ominous Signs forewarn me,  
The sudden Doom of *Pyrrhus* now is fix'd ;  
Yet his Resolves are firmer fix'd than Fates :  
I only come to offer up my Prayers  
In thy lov'd Presence, though I fear the Gods  
Will be as deaf to them as you have been.

*Pyrrh.* Such were your Fears this Morning, Love ; and now,  
How vain and needless do they seem to have been ?  
Unhurt, unwounded from the Field I came,  
And bought a Conquest at an easie Rate ;  
Now I shall only march against a Foe  
Already half o'ercome.

*Lan.* Supposing then  
*Argos* were yours, the Crown upon your Head,  
And you upon the Throne : Suppose the War  
Were finish'd as I wish, which I dare scarce  
Suppose it will be ; will your toils end there ?  
Or, what will next be done ?

*Pyrrh.* The *Romans* yet  
Remain Unconquer'd, they again shall try  
My Forces in Arms, and my Victorious Squadrons,  
Fighting with better Fortune than at first,  
May hurl their soaring Eagles to the Earth.

*Lan.* If *Rome* were won, and that triumphant City,  
That never yet obey'd a foreign Lord,  
Submitted to your Sway, their Senate broke,  
And you their Royal Master in their stead ;  
Where march you then ?

*Pyrrh.* *Sicily* is at hand,  
And I may pour my Armies on their Coasts,  
Destroying all the Isle with Sword, and Fire  
Hotter than that of *Aetna*.



*Lan.* Suppose that *Sicily*  
Shar'd the same Fate with *Rome*.

*Pyrrh.* Then Sun-burnt *Africk*  
Shall groan beneath the weight of Castl'd Elephants,  
And its own Brood be turn'd against it self.

*Lan.* Granting that you had Conquer'd *Africk* too,  
What Enterprize is next?

*Pyrrh.* The search of Glory and of Fame is endless;  
New Countries will afford new Conquests still.

*Lan.* If all were won, all the wide World were yours,  
What Fruit, my *Pyrrhus*, would you reap from all?

*Pyrrh.* When War is to be had no more, my Love,  
We will sit down upon the conquer'd Globe,  
Enjoy our selves in Peace, and laugh at Fate.

*Lan.* And why, my Lord, why can't we do so now?  
Cannot one Kingdom furnish full Enjoyment?

What has the World in store? what Pomp, what Pleasures?  
What can the lavish hands of Nature give,  
That *Epirus* has not yielded to her Lord?

But oh! my Love, Kings are like other Misers,  
Greedy of more; they use not what they have  
As Merchants, venturing on the faithless Seas

For needful Wealth, are driv'n by sudden Storms  
On Banks of Sands, or dash'd against the Rocks,  
And all they have is sunk, and lost at once.

Kings rush to Wars, more faithless than the Seas,  
Where more inconstant Fortune waits their Arms;  
Where in a Minute one unhappy Blow

Ruins the Progress of an Age before:  
Delay not your Enjoyment, till you've all;  
O! do it, while you've any, while you may;

While yet the gath'ring Storm wants wings to reach you.

*Pyrrh.* Did you Plead thus in any other Cause,  
You could not be deny'd; but rigid Honour  
Has arm'd my Heart against the grant of this.

Retire, my Love; for loe, the Night grows darker,  
The Voice of Heav'n more loud, and the big Winds  
More forcibly have shook the nodding Tents;

The drouzy Souldier, waken'd by the Tempest,  
Starts from the Earth, and crys, away to Battle:  
Retire, my lov'd *Lanassa*.

*Lan.* Oh! my Lord,  
When shall we meet again?

*Pyrrh.*



*Pyrrh.* Heav'n knows, my Love ;  
But I too know that we shall meet in Heav'n,  
Where everlasting Joys shall Crown our Loves,  
And never more be sunder'd.

*Lan.* Oh ! were that true, wretch that I am to doubt it ;  
For sure there is a Place reserv'd for thee ;  
A Throne prepar'd for *Pyrrhus*, my Love, my Lord :  
The noblest Demi-god of all the Skies,  
And foremost Heroe in the Host of Heav'n.

*Pyrrh.* No more : one last Embrace, and now no more,  
For the Adieus of Lovers never end :  
I wish that we were gone our several ways,  
And yet I cannot be the first to go.

*Lan.* Then how should I, a weak fond helpless Woman !  
Oh ! Stay, my Lord ; since we must part at last,  
Say but farewell, for your *Lanassa* cannot.

*Pyrrh.* Farewell, with all the force of Love, farewell.

*Lan.* Oh ! *Pyrrhus* ! *Pyrrhus* ! whither go you now,  
To the dire War ? where partial Death resides ;  
Death, that was ever wont to lop the Noble  
And spare the Vulgar ; Oh ! turn back a little ;  
Stay till I fall thus prostrate to the Earth,  
Torn by my Passion, till I beg the Gods  
In thy behalf : Oh ! save him all ye Powers ;  
Make him the whole Concern of all your Skies ;  
Oh ! let this humble Adoration move,  
Be good, ye gracious Gods, and save my Love.

Preserve him Heav'n from all the Rage of War,  
Divert the threatning Point of every Spear,  
Shield him some God, and let no shaft come near.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

*Enter Dion and Æmylius.*

*Dion.* **T**Hese are our Limits, which I must not pass,  
For all beyond, the *Argive* Lands extend :  
I hear their Guards upon their march to meet you,  
And leave you to their Convoy.

*Æm.*

*Am.* Thou good old General of a Godlike Prince,  
All health to him, and next to him, to thee.

*Dion.* I grieve to part, since you must go to *Argos*,  
And I am loth to have you for a Foe :  
There will be Action there, and *Roman* hands  
Are never Idle at a time like that.

*Am.* Yet now I shall not draw my peaceful Sword,  
For as I'm sent *Rome's* Envoy, not her Souldier,  
I stand exempted from the Call of War.

*Dion.* How will the joyful News transport the King,  
That though *Amylius* would not side with him,  
He will not fight against him ! He shall be told,  
And his great Soul shall give a due Acknowledgment  
In sparing *Romans* for a *Roman's* sake.

*Am.* Gods ! why are Kings your Images beneath,  
The liveliest Portraits of heavenly Powers,  
Created subject to Eternal Discord ?  
Why is War wag'd for ever on the Earth ?  
Why are not less malignant Planets plac'd  
To guide their Actions, to preserve their Peace,  
And influence their Lives to run on smoothly  
With the same Harmony that moves your Spheres ?

*Dion.* Boundless Ambition, vast desire of Empire,  
And Fame for gallant Deeds perform'd in War,  
Still spur them forward through the dusty Field,  
While Reason all in vain would hold them back.

*Am.* Why should our hands rebel against our hearts ?  
I love a gallant Enemy in my Soul,  
And with regret encounter when I meet ;  
The Breasts where Vertue dwells are sacred Seats,  
Nor should they be prophan'd, no more than Shrines ;  
No Wounds should enter there ; but base Plebeians,  
Sordid, and void of Spirits as of Sense,  
True mortal Stuff, should gorge the maw of Death.

*Dion.* O let me be secur'd of such a Friend,  
If my great Master has not all your Soul,  
Let the remaining part be given to me,  
And place a Loyal Subject next this Lord.

*Am.* Sure we are ally'd, our Age and Hearts alike,  
And thou wer't meant a *Roman*, but thy Stars  
At thy Nativity mistook the Soil,  
And cast thee on a too too distant Clime  
Far from the Bounds of *Rome*.

*Dion.*



*Dion.* My Fate has placed me,  
Where, if I had not found a Lord, like *Pyrrhus*,  
I would have chose a Consul to command me,  
And offer'd him my Service.

*Æm.* The sound of trampling Horse encreases still,  
Which speaks them near; time steals away insensibly,  
And old Mens talk is tedious as their Years,  
Who after several Farewells, still talk on.

*Dion.* But now the Night urges our last adieu,  
And wakeful Birds, impatient for the Morning,  
Already do begin to call it forth  
With Notes like Trumpets sounding a Retreat :  
Short is the Souldiers Ceremony, a Hand and Heart  
Is all we give at parting.

*Æm.* And that is all  
That the most ardent Lovers have to give :  
Once more, all health to *Pyrrhus*, and to thee.

[Exit.

Enter Helenus.

*Hel.* Oh ! how I grudge the hated Steps I take,  
To lead me farther off the dear Apartments  
That hold my Love; how eager to return.  
I burn with Fires more scorching than before,  
And heightned Charms dilate the rising Flame;  
Heav'n has took pains to work her to a Miracle:  
A wondrous Faith, joyn'd with a matchless Form.

*Dion.* You are welcom, Prince :  
I thank you that you have deceiv'd my Fears,  
And by returning thus, outrun my Hopes.

*Hel.* Oh *Dion* ! when will the War begin ?

*Dion.* Still better; in that strain you speak Success,  
A Prælude to a *Pæan*; soon, I hope,  
And soon the Conquest follow.

*Hel.* You have seen me fighting.

*Dion.* And doubt not but to see you so again,  
With the same fortune as you have fought before.

*Hel.* I tell thee Friend, I will outdoe my self;  
My rising Soul strains to a higher Pitch  
Than e'er it reach'd till now; Revenge and Love,  
Fury and Jealousie, and thirst of Honour,  
All rage and roul within my troubled Mind,

And

And work the Tempest high :  
 Lead me, my General, lead me to the War ;  
 And oh ! employ your interest with the King  
 To hasten on the too too tedious hour.

To me the flying Minutes seem but slow ;  
 E'er this I would have been amidst the Foe,  
 Forcing my dreadful Passage with my Sword,  
 Possess'd of all that Conquest can afford :  
 Through thickest Ranks, I would like Lightning break ;  
 Love and Revenge make all resistance weak.

*Enter Pyrrhus and Souldiers.*

*Pyrrh.* See your dead Prince plac'd on the highest Elephant,  
 That all the Army, at the dismal Object,  
 May with more Fury kindle to Revenge.  
*To them.]* Oh ! *Dion* oh ! *Helenus* Son and General,  
 Where have you loiter'd ? now our busie Fates  
 Call for all Hands.

*Dion.* Mine, Royal Sir, are ready ;  
 And my Heart joins them, it strikes out with Vigour,  
 And beats thick knocks against my aged Breast.

*Pyrrh.* *Helenus*, lead the Van, Ten thousand Men,  
 Are order'd to attend you to the On-set :  
 March to the Ramparts, South of *Juno's* Temple,  
 And while our warlike Trumplets sound to Battle,  
 And the great Squadrons mingle in the Wars ;  
 Suspend, ye Gods, the Thunder of your Skies,  
 Withhold your Bolts, that play with idle Rage,  
 And fall with harmless Flames on Mountains tops.

Look on more dreadful Actions done beneath,  
 See our Swords strike, with more dispatch, in death.

### S O N G.

**I** Wretch'd in a Dark and Dismal Grove,  
 A poor abandon'd, hopeless Maid,  
 Thinking on her departed Love,  
 Cry'd, whither does Ambition lead ?

*From*



Pyrrhus King of Epirus.

41

*From the dear Joys that Love can yield,  
From the soft Circle of my Arms  
He rushes to the fatal Field :  
Mistaken Swain, have Danger's Charms ?*

*Fond of a loud, yet empty Name,  
Notions of Honour you pursue ;  
And fancying Happiness in Fame,  
For a false Bliss forsake the true.*

*Lovers, with Scorn, and Hatred curs'd,  
When all their Passion fail'd to move,  
Found out this Tyrant Honour first,  
In pure Revenge to ruine Love.*

[A Battle sounded.

*Enter Lanassa.*

*Lan.* I, now it is begun ; alas, my *Pyrrhus* !  
How my Soul shakes within me when I think  
What Dangers thy dear Life is thus expos'd to !  
Ah ! whither does he run ? he rushes fearless  
On pointed Swords, the Arm of Death lifts at him ;  
But yet he shall not perish unattended.  
If Fate ordains our fall, we'll fall together :  
Together walk through all the gloomy Arbours,  
The Grotts, and Mansions of the Blessed dead ;  
Together stretch'd o'er the black Banks of *Lethe*,  
Look down upon the Stream that glides beneath us.  
Oh ! Blissful prospect of a future state,  
Delightful Ecstasie in Thoughts of Death !  
Methinks, through all the vast and verdant Meads  
No Rose lies blasted, and no Myrtle fades ;  
But ever bloom, where my lov'd *Pyrrhus* treads :  
Through all *Elyzium*, all the flow'ry Groves,  
Each ravish'd Ghost with wonder sees our Loves.  
Pleas'd with the View, they point us out, and cry,  
Loe ! Yonder, where the happy Lovers lie !  
Urg'd by their transport to forsake their Bowers,  
They wait on us, and all the Train is ours.

[Exit.

G

SCENE,



SCENE, *Changes to the City of Argos, as Besieged.**Enter Antigonus, Demetrius and Aristeon.*

*Ant.* Already *Pyrrhus* has begun the Storm;  
 His Elephants, like huge Machines of War,  
 With their Broad-sides lie pressing on our Walls;  
 And from the Castles planted on their Backs  
 Pour forth an Army down upon the Town.  
 Heard you that Shout?

*Dem.* We did; it follow'd something  
 Loud as it self, that sounded like the burst  
 Of Brazen Gates.

*Enter Marius.*

*Mart.* All's lost; The Foes are enter'd;  
 The Torrent rousls this way.

*Ant.* Undaunted yet;  
 With Bravery, that deserves a better Fortune,  
 We'll strive to change the partial face of War.

[*Exeunt*]*Manet Aristeon.*

*Arist.* I hope 'tis *Epire's* Prince has made his Entrance.  
 If so, *Antigone's* Name will draw him here,

*Helenus from within.*] *Antigone*----

*Ant.* Hark! 'Tis already answer'd.  
 He caught it like the Echo, at distance,  
 And closely follows its return himself.

*Enter Helenus.*

*Hel.* Now, now, the wish'd for time at last is come;  
 While publick Interest draws the Swords of others,  
 To end one private Quarrel by our selves.

*Arist.* Let's not spend a Minute in our talk;  
 The Hours are precious, and our Swords can plead  
 Our Cause the best, and stop our Tongues for ever.

*Enter Antigone.* [Fight. *Aristeon* falls.

*Ant.* Methoughts I heard you, Love; but knew not well  
 Whether it was the Voice of Fate, or you.

*Arist.*



*Arist.* Oh! 'twas the Voice of Fate to me; it spoke  
The loss of Life and Love; yet in my Death  
I joy to see you with my closing Eyes,  
To take the farewell View before I go,  
And bear thy dear Idea to the Skies.  
There, as I glide along the Bowers of Heav'n,  
And view the celebrated Beauties there,  
But find none fair enough to move my wonder,  
No heavenly Excellence of force to Charm me,  
Ev'n there I'll think once more upon *Antigone*.  
[*After a Pause.*] What not a word? But do not, do not speak;  
There is an Eloquence in silent pity  
Beyond Expression.  
Farewell thou dear, but cruel Fair, farewell.  
Oh! I had many wondrous Things to say,  
And wondrous Love should shine in all I said;  
But that my fleeting Soul out-flies my words,  
And leaves my Speech unfinish'd.  
Too happy Prince, farewell.

Black Mists have overcast my dying Eyes,  
I cannot now dispute the Beauteous Prize:  
All my last Hopes, I, with my Life, resign;  
The Conquest, both in War and Love, is thine.

*Ant.* Oh! Lead me Love; where I may hide my self  
From Sights of Horror that affright my Soul.  
To me, the War is dreadful as the Sea  
To unexperienc'd Mariners; and I tremble  
At every blast that blows: Heav'n send the Calm.

*Hel.* Thither, my Love, retire to yonder Tow'r;  
These Souldiers be your Guard: Methinks my Father  
Upbraids me for my stay; I'll on to meet him,  
And help to Crown the Conquests of this Night.

*Ant.* I go; But I conjure you, Prince, to be  
More careful of your self, and less of me.

[*Two Souldiers enter, and carry Arist. off.*  
[*Exeunt severally.*

*Trumpets and Kettle Drums.*

*Enter Pyrrhus, Dion, and Souldiers.*

*Pyrrh.* Push on the Fight, and follow Fortune close,  
She flies before with all her Sails upon her;

And gath'ring in the fullest gusts of War,  
Will quickly reach the Port.

*The Scene Draws, and Discovers the Image of a Bull and  
Wolf Engraven in Copper, and placed at the Entrance of  
the Forum.*

*Dion.* Why stop you, Sir?

*Pyrrh.* Oh! *Dion*, shall I tell you? I'm afraid.

*Dion.* Do not, Sir;

You would not be believ'd although you did.

*Pyrrh.* Look on those Figures there.

*Dion.* And what of them?

*Pyrrh.* I had a Message sent me from the Gods,  
To tell me, where I met two such as these,  
There Fate should meet with me.

*Dion.* Who brought their Message?

*Pyrrh.* A God himself, one who was lately made;  
And mingling in the Councils with the rest,  
Reveal'd this Part to me.

*Dion.* And you believe him?

*Pyrrh.* 'Twere impious to do otherwise; yet, my Friend,  
I cannot fear him yet.

*Dion.* Then give me leave  
To fear for you; Their Warning has been Kind,  
And ought to be Obey'd.

*Pyrrh.* Shall we then lose  
So fair a Prospect?

*Dion.* We may lose our selves  
By venturing to obtain a nearer View:  
We seem to lean over some hanging Clift,  
O'er-looking of the Wreck that Floats below.  
Should we stretch more, beyond the Verge, we fall  
Infinite Fathoms down, and sink for ever.

*Pyrrh.* You have prevail'd, the Gods shall be obey'd;  
It is no Cowardize to yield to Heav'n:  
Some other Night shall recompence for this  
Less full of Fate. Go order the Retreat;  
I'll be the last my self.

[Exit *Dion*.

*Enter*



*Enter Martius.*

*Pyrrh.* What art thou,  
That haunts me still in fight? I've seen thee thrice  
Fixing thy glaring Eyes on me alone:  
And with a Pride that scorns a smaller Conquest,  
Aim only at my Life. Thy Arms are *Roman*;  
If thou wouldst Kill me, do it with a Gallantry  
Worthy thy Place of Birth.

*Mart.* I am a *Roman*;  
I have fought thee in the thickest Ranks of Battle,  
And watch'd all Night to have thee my self;  
But the throng'd press that still encountred you,  
(For I saw not one who dar'd to meet you single)  
Have held me off till now.

*Pyrrh.* I cannot think  
Thou hast receiv'd a hire to give me Death.

*Mart.* I have; My Fame and Honour bribe me high,  
And thus I strive for purchase.

*Pyrrh.* Thou hast it there *[Fight. Martius falls.]*  
At a dear rate; Fate seems not near me yet,  
Spite of its menace; the Retreat begins,  
And makes our distance greater. *[Exit.]*

*Shout from within.*

*Enter Lanassa, Supported Bleeding.*

*Lan.* I heard the *Argives* shout the death of *Pyrrhus*,  
And rush'd into the War, where to my Wish  
I met my own. Oh! hold a little Fate;  
Could I but see my Lord before I dy'd,  
Contentedly I am thine.

*Re-enter Pyrrhus, Dion, both Wounded and Supported by Helenus.*

*Pyrrh.* 'Tis done; my Fate has caught me in my Flight.  
Art thou here Love? and art thou wounded too?  
Nay, then it takes me whole.

*Lan.* It was well contriv'd,  
To Summon me that hour it call'd for you;  
Else I had come unsent for.

*Pyrrh.*

*Pyrrh.* So you do.

That Death was none of thine, and Heav'n will wonder  
To see an unexpected guest arrive.

*Lan.* Receive, my Love, my last and sad Adieu:  
The fleeting Souls of others, when they die,  
Are breath'd into the Air, and vanish there;  
But I pour mine into thy lovely Lips,  
Its wish'd for Lodge: Thus dying both together,  
We seem as at the Altar once again,  
Renewing Vows of Everlasting love,  
And joyning hands and hearts before the Priest;  
But now we Wed more firmly than at first:  
For *Hymen's* Office is perform'd by Death.  
Death surer than our Nuptials ties us fast,  
And these are Bonds that will for ever last.

[Dies.

*Pyrrh.* And so they are, I shall not stay behind:  
And yet, ye Gods! 'twas strange, 'twas wondrous strange  
A Life so made of Miracles as mine;  
Preserv'd till now at the expence of Prodigies,  
Should end at last so meanly, by a Stone  
Hurl'd by a Woman's hand; the very Thought  
Urges my Death the swifter.

*Dion.* Heav'n! what a suddain whirl of Fate was here?  
Just as we had hunted Fortune to the toils,  
And almost had her sure; then, then to let her  
Break the involving Net, and change the Chase,  
Pursuing those by whom she was pursu'd,  
Is such a Caprice that has no Excuse.

*Pyrrh.* I had forgot, how goes the Battle on?

*Hel.* As Ships in stormy Seas, their Pilot's lost,  
Drive backward with the Tide.

*Pyrrh.* But one thing more:

Oh! Close those Bleeding Wounds that gape so wide;  
Thrust off your Death awhile, and live my General;  
Live to entreat the fortunate *Antigonus*  
To use *Helenus* well.

*Hel.* There needs not that;  
For I can put my self beyond his Power,  
And own no other Sire or King but you.

*Pyrrh.* By Heav'n you should; did not Fate differ here:  
Your Love still lives for you, mine dies with me;  
You have a Bribe sufficient for your Life,

And



Pyrrhus *King of Epirus.*

47

And I have mine for Death: Farewell, my Son.  
My Eye-balls now begin to swim in Death,  
And my Queen dances in my dizzy Sight;  
I'll seize her thus, thus make her mine for ever.  
As Merchants, that remove to foreign Climes,  
Carry their Families with them, my Love, my Self,  
My good old General, to make up the Third:  
Three such as we, shall Charm the Eyes of Heaven;  
And their Discourse shall be of nought but us.  
Their Tongues shall in our Praises be employ'd,  
Our Loves and Wars the Theme of every God.

[Dies.]

*Dion.* Methinks old Men do linger in their Death  
As much as in their Lives; my Blood moves slowly,  
And drop by drop falls from my withered Veins,  
Distilling like an Icicle, 'till at last,  
'Tis quite dissolved.

After this Loss, life could no Joys afford;  
Death pleases best, that sends me to my Lord.

[Dies.]

*Hel.* Farewell, Illustrious Father, Vertuone Queen  
And good old Man, farewell — here I gaze,  
~~My strength~~ is doubtful which to choose;  
My live with her I love, or dye with you.  
But oh! She comes, she comes to end the Strife,  
And Love for her makes me in love with Life.

*Trumpets and Kettle Drums.*

*Enter Antigonus, Demetrius, Æmylius, Antigone.*

*Æm.* See what a stately Pomp of Death lies here,  
And where the Princely Mourner stands: the sole  
Survivour of the royal Race of *Pyrrhus*,  
And almost of the War, Oh I grant, ye Gods,  
That every Son of *Rome*, that falls in Battle,  
May fall as brave as these.

*Dem.* De... was this Night devouring as the Deluge;  
And all the World of *Epiran* seems swallow'd up;  
And but one Person sav'd.

*Ans.*

*Ant.* I'll add another  
Again to stock their Earth, Here, gallant Prince,  
Receive this Pledge of an eternal Friendship,  
And let your Father's Kingdoms be her Dow'r.  
See the great *Pyrrhus* Royally interr'd,  
And lay his much lov'd *Ptolomy* by his Side.

[Gives Antigone  
to Helenus.]

Short are the Glories that our Lives can boast,  
And our aspiring Thoughts in Death are lost.

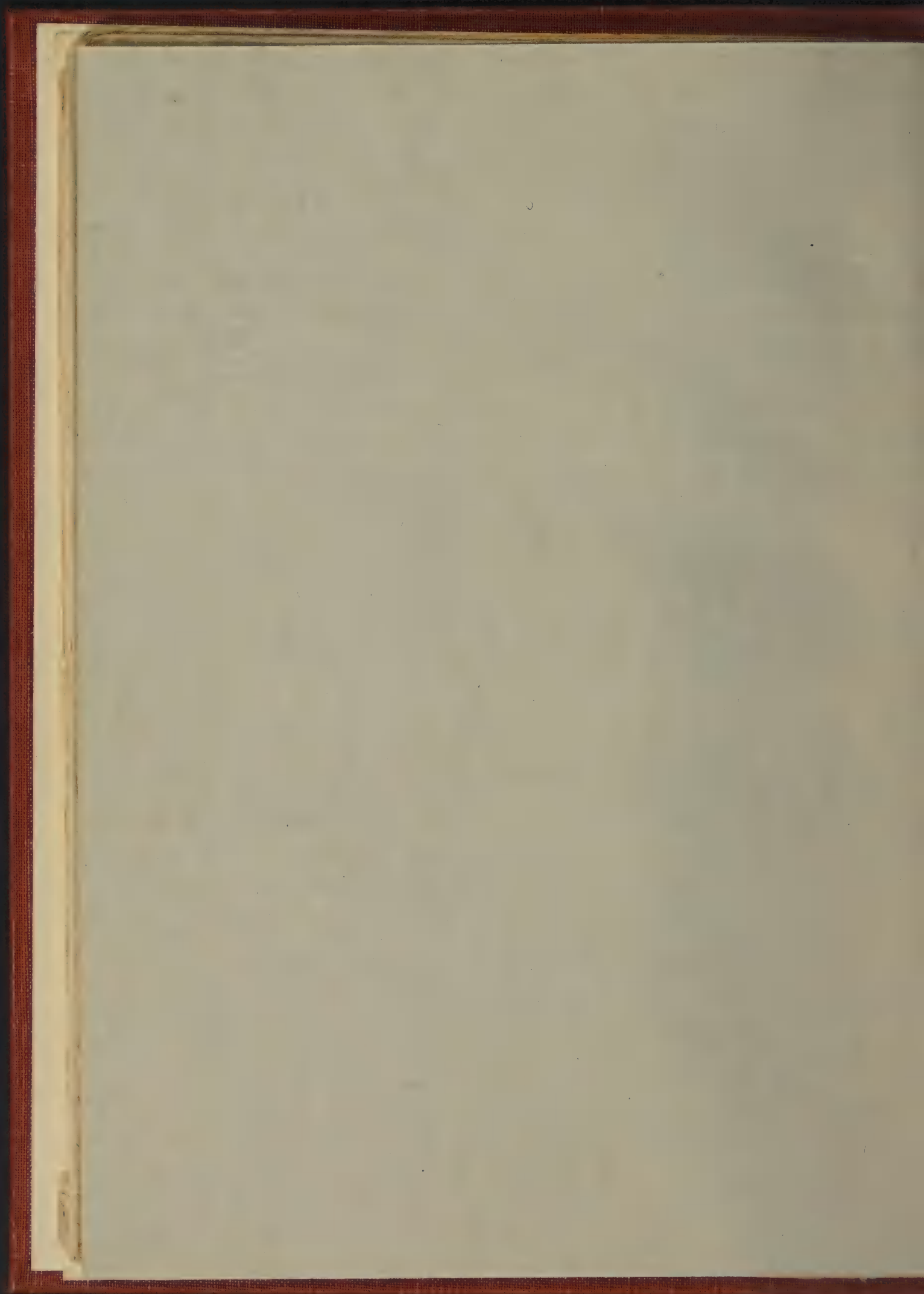
---

F I N I S.

---

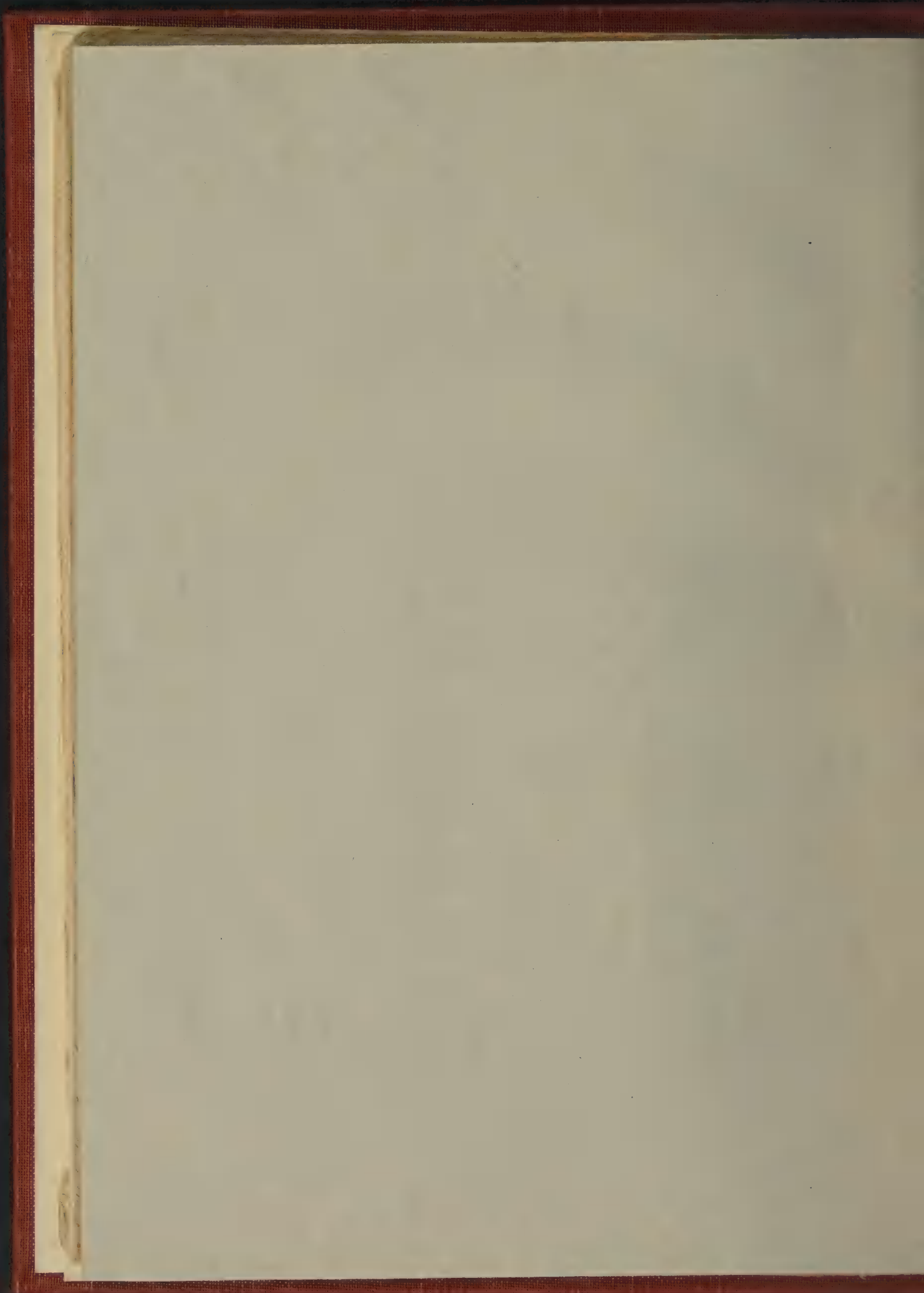






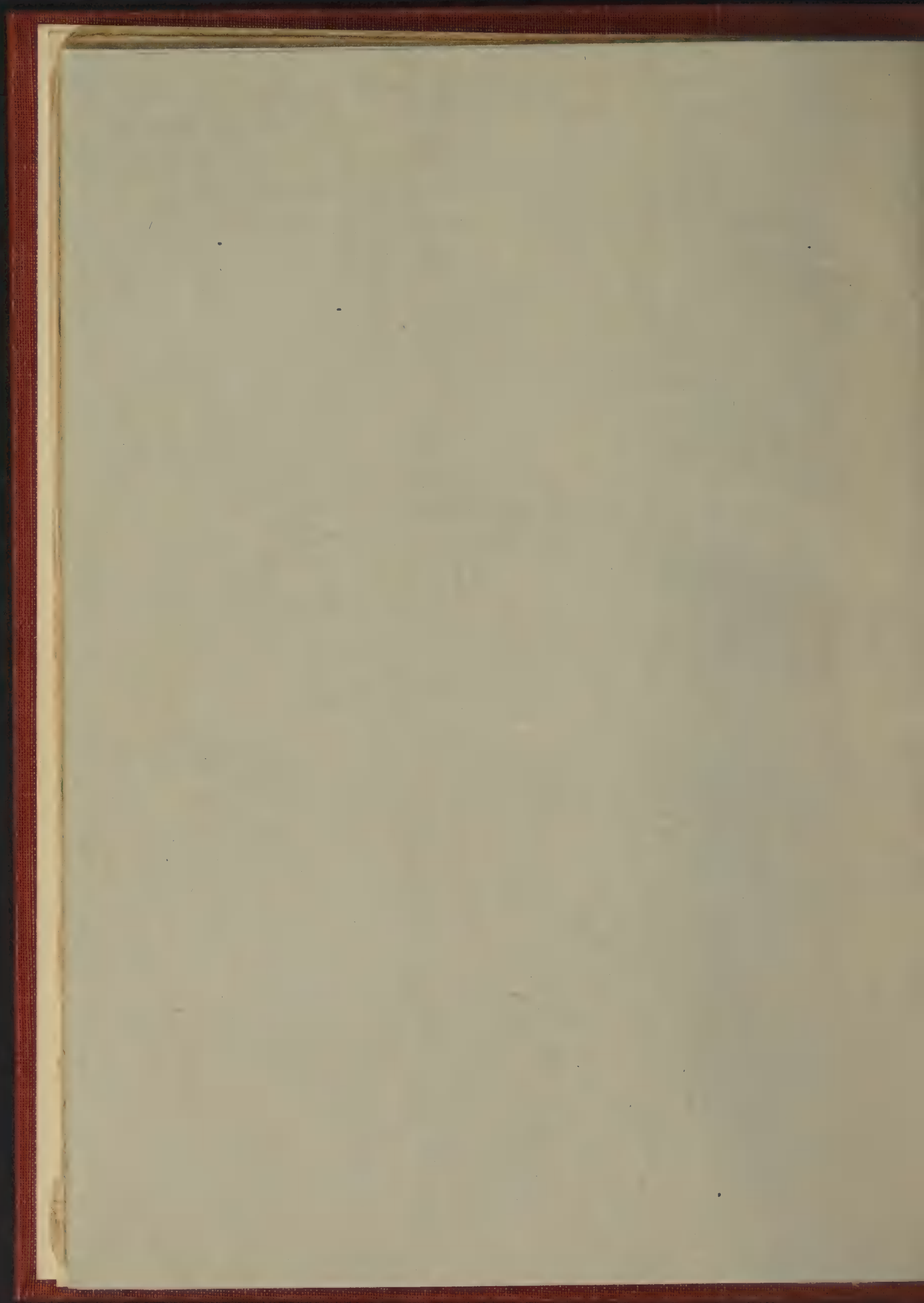






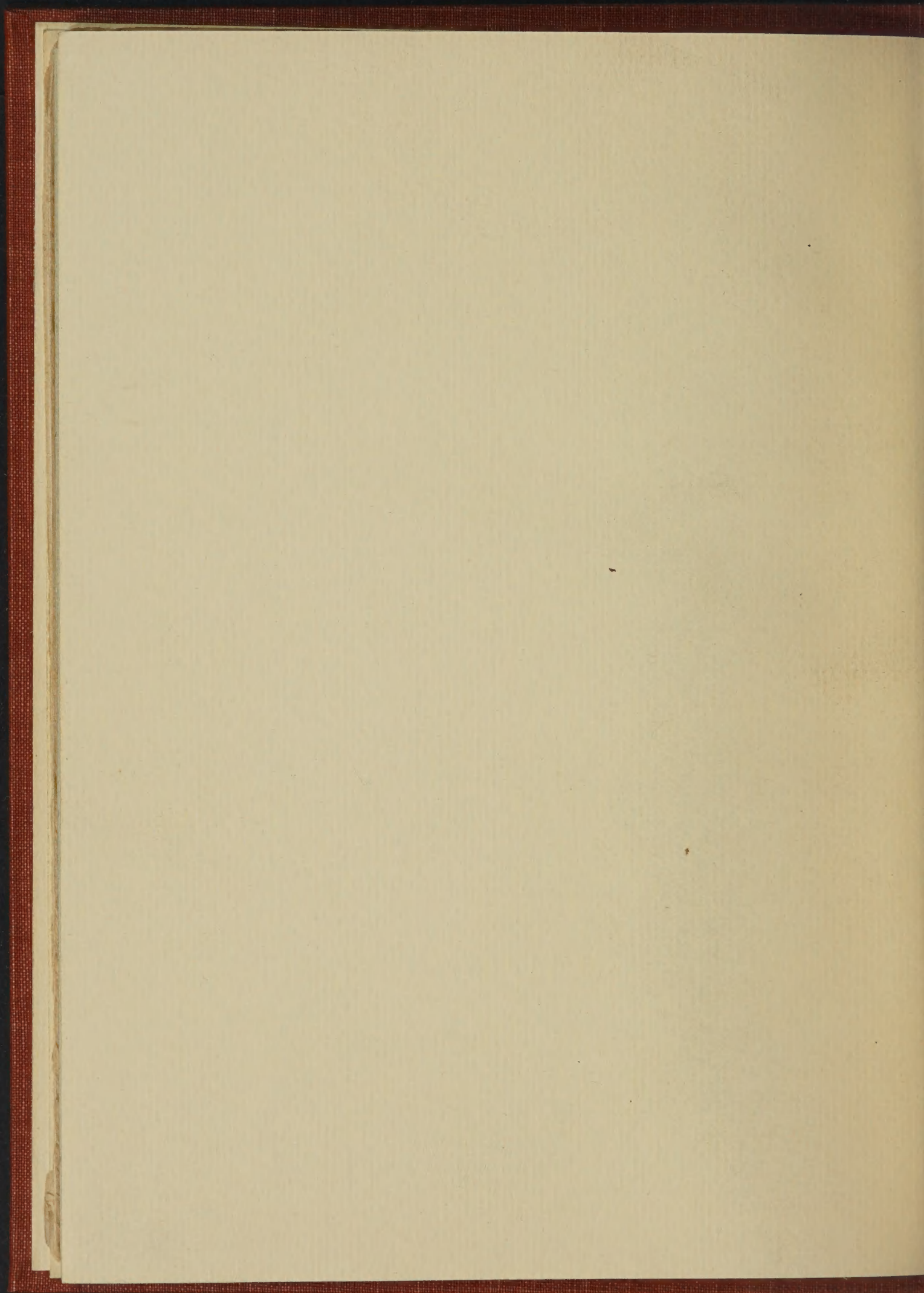














413129



